



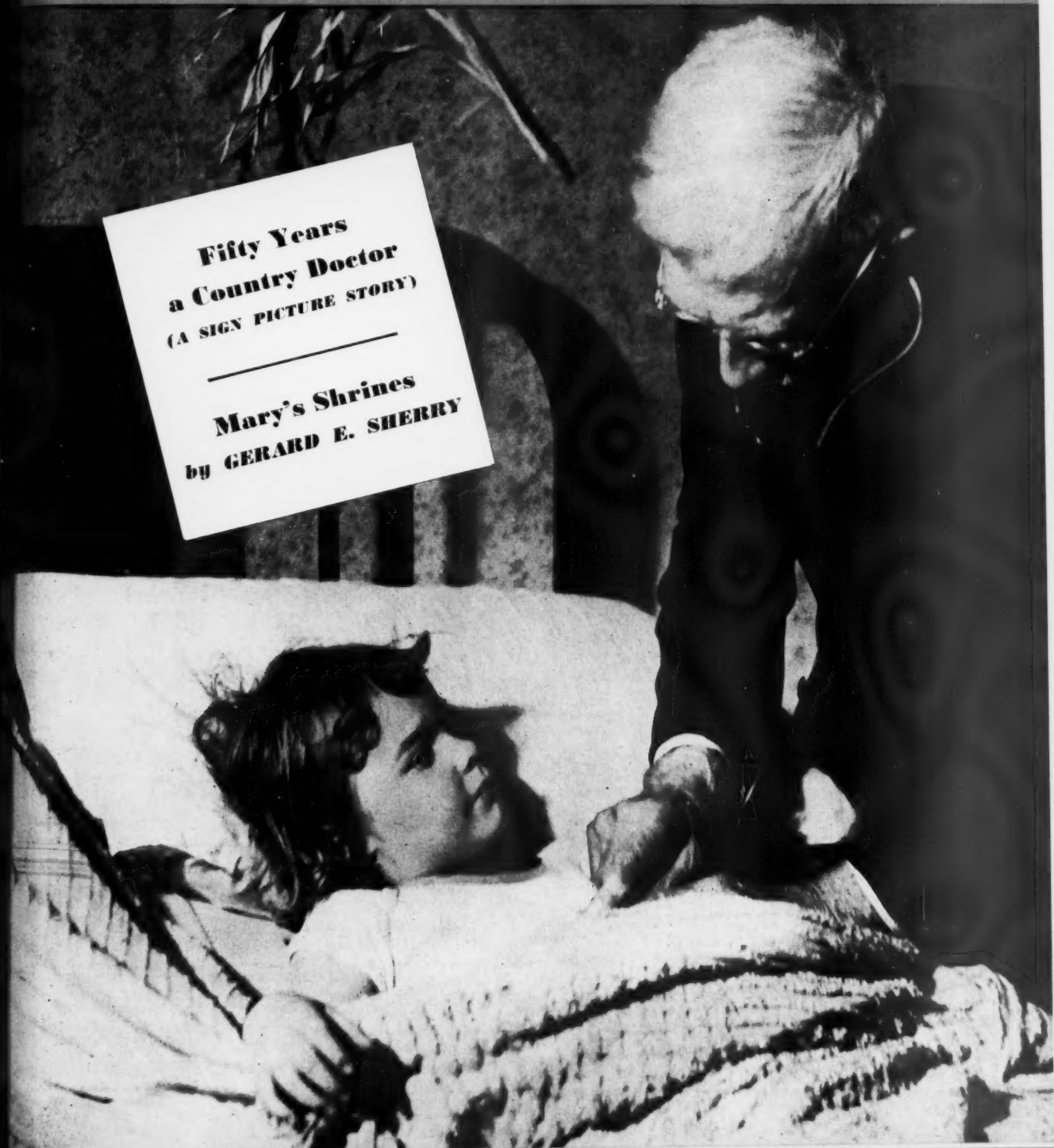
The Sign

February 1954 - 25¢

National Catholic Magazine

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a Country Doctor
(A SIGN PICTURE STORY)**

Mary's Shrines
by GERARD E. SHERRY



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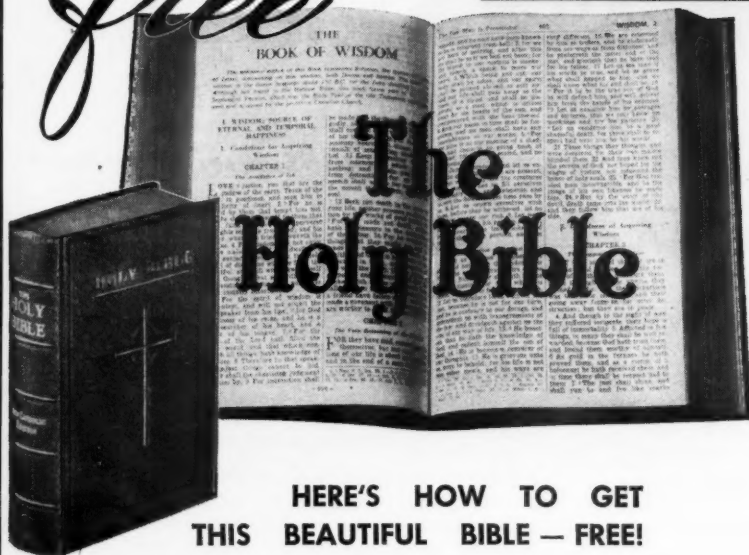
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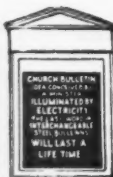
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LETTERS



The Arabs and The Sign

EDITORS OF THE SIGN:

All those who oppose evil or original sin will condemn violence anywhere. No Zionist will condone violence committed by Israelis. However, your magazine should take cognizance of the fact that the clashes along the Jordan-Israel border are committed by both sides. The commission of the United Nations that investigates these clashes has on record more of these fights, and both sides are at fault. Until the Arab nations will recognize Israel and be willing to arbitrate the disputes, nothing will be accomplished. Your magazine may take sides on this political issue, but only arbitration by the United Nations will bring peace to the Middle East.

MELVIN NAHUM COHEN

CAMP GORDON, GEORGIA

EDITORS OF THE SIGN:

Your editorial in the December issue of THE SIGN is one of the most sensible I have ever read. I wish the U.N. would take a tip from your editorial and demand that the Arabs be given back what rightfully belongs to them. By doing so, we would show the entire Moslem world that we like to give everyone a fair deal.

URSULA JOYCE

ST. LOUIS, MO.

Hume and Hymns

EDITORS OF THE SIGN:

We poor untutored laymen become quite accustomed, of course, to having you well-versed experts look down your long noses from your somewhat lofty brows and pass remarks about our ignorance. However, I was a little startled to see that you are now going into the field of telling God Himself what type of thing He is to take pleasure in.

Since music is largely emotional, it seems far more suitable, as you suggest, to sing solemn hymns during Benediction or at the Consecration—and yet there is a lot to be said for a choir of young innocent voices singing "O Lord I Am Not Worthy" over the heads of us far more unworthies in the congregation.

The Church has certainly never attempted to read God's mind to the extent of saying whose prayers are more pleasing to Him—why should anyone try to say such a thing about hymns? It is all very well to set up certain procedures for certain devotions. It is something quite different to say that those who like other hymns

(Continued on page 6)

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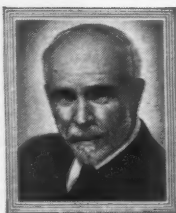
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LETTERS (Continued from page 2)

are backward louts who are insulting God by preferring some different type of meter.

GENE SULLIVAN

KENNEDYVILLE, MARYLAND

EDITORS OF THE SIGN:

I have just finished reading Paul Hume's article on good and bad hymns.

I suggest he devote his energies to situations really needing attention. These hymns have been sung and enjoyed (honestly) for more years than any of us could possibly remember, and will continue (I hope) long after we are gone. . . . This lack of "good music" doesn't seem to bother the average church member (less discerning ear, I presume). . . . If there are those whose musical appreciation is so outraged and offended, they are definitely not in the majority, as is so aptly depicted by the cartoon on the first page of Mr. Hume's article. Also, there are many people who cannot stand chant music. . . . If Mr. Hume is so offended by the so-called "chromatic progression" of the age-old hymns, can you imagine his suffering with the average child's and untrained adult's pronunciation of Latin words and phrases? Only then will he wish he let well enough alone.

F.S.R.

NEW YORK, N. Y.

EDITORS OF THE SIGN:

May I congratulate you for publishing Paul Hume's excellent article on hymns in the December issue of THE SIGN. It is consoling to those who suffer from blasphemous sounds in church to see THE SIGN taking up the issue so effectively. If taste or capacity are lacking on the part of those in charge of music in a parish, there is one form of obedience (a minimum it is true) that is within the capacity of all men, and even women, which is silence. No law of the Church prescribes music at a low Mass, and a scandal can be avoided painlessly by mere silence. Many parishioners, now driven to private chapels to pray in peace, would return to normal parish attendance.

Mr. Hume wisely points out that a permanent cure for bad taste lies in adequate music training in our parish schools. He is right. Many Religious Orders of Sisters are providing teacher-training along these lines in their Novitiate Normals and are providing music-inspectors for the classrooms. The proof that children like good music when provided, liturgical as well as secular, is evident. If all the Religious Orders of Teachers would make this work "specially their own" as they are urged to do by Pope Pius XI in his encyclical *Divini cultus*, there would be an end to "barber-shop" tunes disguised as hymns. I am sure that were a vote to be taken among parishioners, a vast majority would vote against scandalous music in church.

JUSTINE BAYARD WARD

WASHINGTON, D. C.

EDITORS OF THE SIGN:

I have attached clipping from my weekly Sunday music column and I say hats off to Hume for his candid comments and to THE SIGN for printing them. Incidentally, I'd

like a copy of his entire article if possible.

I quit a church choir in a squabble over the same thing as brought out in this article, so you see I feel strongly on the subject. It may serve to wake up some sleepy organist, Catholic, Protestant, or otherwise.

WILLIAM DENNIS McMAHON
MUSIC EDITOR

ATLANTIC CITY PRESS

ATLANTIC CITY, N. J.

King Football: dead?

EDITORS OF THE SIGN:

Thank you for the kind reference to Marquette University's "sound public relations" and for the generous space accorded our football team in Charley Johnson's recent article on the impending foldup of Catholic college football.

However, please "include us out" in all such future obituaries.

Marquette, through excellent administration, just enjoyed the best financial year in its football history and, with one of its finest teams, certainly has no intentions at this time of giving up the sport. We have seen Marquette's schedules through 1955, and they are good ones which point to a sound future.

It is unfair for Mr. Johnson to say that we are taking a bad licking at the gate as well as on the field. This is far from the truth. Our home crowds this fall were the best since the Cotton Bowl team days of 1936, and our three losses, all to Western Conference teams, were by a total of only nine points—Wisconsin, 11-13; Indiana, 20-21, and Rose Bowl Michigan State, 15-21.

And, by the way, since when has football been played or suspended on a religious basis?

EDMUND S. CARPENTER
DIRECTOR OF PUBLIC RELATIONS
MARQUETTE UNIVERSITY

MILWAUKEE, WIS.

EDITORS OF THE SIGN:

Please accept my thanks for sending me the December issue of THE SIGN. The article, "Farewell to Catholic College Football" was an excellent one and presented the facts in a clear, concise manner that can leave no doubt in anyone's mind. I am sorry to admit this and wish it were somehow different; but I am afraid that it is only a matter of time.

E. R. LAFOND
DIRECTOR OF ATHLETICS
CATHOLIC UNIVERSITY OF AMERICA
WASHINGTON, D. C.

Labor: self-crucified?

EDITORS OF THE SIGN:

Victor Riesel's "Labor, the Crucified Crusade" leaves me with only one thought, and that is "Leadership is only as good as they who create it."

As in our political life, the voters or members of a Union elect and maintain their leadership exactly as they want it, as expressed by their vote in a free and democratic election. . . .

The card-carrying Union man can correct any defect in his leadership by the simple expedient of exercising his right of franchise, if he has the moral courage

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The Sign

NATIONAL CATHOLIC
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Editor's page

"What Price Israel?"

DURING the recent war, it was practically impossible to find a publisher for a book critical of Soviet Russia, and if one was published it was ignored by the reviewers or roundly damned. Exactly the same situation exists today with regard to books critical of Zionism or of the new State of Israel. One side of the question has been accepted as dogma; doubt or opposition is heretical.

On Oct. 26, 1953, Henry Regnery Co. of Chicago published *What Price Israel?* by Alfred Lilienthal. It is an important book, but it runs contrary to the Zionist party line. As a result, it has been given the silent treatment by practically all the major publications which carry book reviews.

The author is a Jew, a graduate of Cornell and of Columbia. He was consultant to the American delegation at the San Francisco conference on the U.N. and served with the State Department. His book shows that he has a firm grasp of his subject, is careful of facts, doesn't overstate his case, and has a profound interest in the welfare of his fellow Jews.

Mr. Lilienthal writes as "an integrated American Jew" whose flag is the stars and stripes and not the blue star on a white background of Israel. He is proud of Jewish culture and of Judaism, the oldest monotheistic faith in the world. He rejects absolutely the claim of Zionists like Ben Gurion that every Jew in the world owes allegiance to the new State and should emigrate to Israel. In this, he considers the Zionists to be the heirs of Hitler who said: "You are not a German—you are a Jew. You are not a Czech—you are a Jew". . . . The author believes that such attitudes raise the question of dual loyalty which can very well become a source of misunderstanding and of persecution.

After a brief historical survey, Mr. Lilienthal takes up the Balfour Declaration which Zionists cite as one of the legal foundations of the State of Israel. He has no difficulty in demonstrating that it never promised more than "a national home in Palestine," not an independent state. The Arabs, who formed the vast majority of the people of Palestine, accepted it, but only on condition that their independence was guaranteed.

How the Arabs, who offered a homeland in their midst to the Jewish people, were betrayed is a sordid story, which reached its climax in the years following World War II. The Zionists used two

means to accomplish their purpose of creating an independent state in Palestine: an appeal to humanitarianism and pressure politics.

After World War II there were many displaced persons of all faiths: about 500,000 Catholics, 100,000 Protestants, and 226,000 Jews. The Jews could very well have been settled elsewhere, but the Zionists were adamant in their refusal of all offers and insisted that Jewish D.P.'s go to Palestine or remain in their misery. They used these forlorn people as building blocks for the new State of Israel. The Washington Zionist lobby, so vocal in other matters, was virtually silent on the Stratton Bill which would have admitted 400,000 D.P.'s to this country.

The author tells in detail how the Zionist lobby put pressure on the politicians in Washington who in turn high-pressured the U.N. into creating the independent State of Israel. It is frightening and disgusting to read of so-called statesmen of the highest rank outbidding one another for the "Jewish vote" and for Jewish contributions to campaign funds. Not only were elementary moral principles cast aside but important American interests were betrayed for petty political advantages.

THE only ones besides the Zionists to gain anything from the whole sorry mess were the Russians, who knew they were helping to sow seeds of discord in the Middle East, and the anti-Semites, who would have been delighted to see all Jews shipped off to the new State.

The author is convinced that Zionists are a minority among Jews and that their views are accepted as those of all Jews because the non-Zionists have been cowed into silence. His book speaks for them—and it speaks eloquently.

Space does not permit even an enumeration of the items of great interest in this book. We recommend it to our readers. If it is not available at your bookstore, you can order it from the publisher or from the Book Service Department of THE SIGN.

Father Ralph Gorman, C.P.



EDITORIALS IN PICTURES AND IN PRINT



Pope Pius XII decried hesitation in unifying Europe in year-end message. His Holiness also hit excesses of technology and urged spiritual and moral basis for peace among nations. *United Press*



Secretary of State Dulles played unity theme in warnings to French to unite for defense or risk losing U.S. aid. Hopes for action seemed dim due to French political confusion. *Harris & Ewing*

CIGARETTE manufacturers are on the spot. Best medical opinion claims that cigarette smoking is responsible for the recent upsurge in the incidence of lung cancer. This judgment has frightened away potential customers and caused cigarette stocks to stagger and flop. It has posed an agonizing problem for the manufacturers.

Conscience and Cigarettes

If the cancer factor cannot be discovered and eliminated, public spirit and regard for life require that cigarette smoking be discouraged—or, at least, not promoted.

Such a course would cripple an industry which depends heavily on advertising and is worth nearly a billion dollars a year to the manufacturers alone.

Faced with such an alternative, they could choose either to ruin their industry out of regard for human life or to save their industry at the expense of human life. The choice would be a clear one between dollars and men.

It could be the most historic decision ever made by modern industrialized society. Sharper than the one faced by certain publishers who decided between money and the corruption of public morals and who took the money. Sharper also than that faced by many caterers of theatrical and cinema entertainment who solved it in the same way.

The tobacco men can expect little moral support from other industries. In fact, history which is currently unfolding in the Supreme Court could make it a basic tenet of American industry that no censorship or restraint may prevent a man from making money at the expense of the consumer, except in very crude ways, such as selling him arsenic or morphine.

At the moment you may distribute books describing the most violent orgies of sex, for little boys to read up in the hayloft or behind the fence. You may sneer at all the decencies and undress women on the stage or in the night spots. Your advertising may lie like Munchausen, as any TV or Radio fan must have noticed. You may impose all kinds of stress on the conscience, the intelligence and the good taste of your neighbor—but not on his pocketbook.

So, if the cigarette people are forced to decide between damaged lungs and damaged profits, they will have plenty of bad example to inspire them.

When that situation jells, their decision will be a historic one. It will be most interesting to see which way the choice will fall.

SENATOR Guy M. Gillette (D. Iowa) is a sensitive and courteous man. On Christmas day, he censured the Secretary of State and the President for "threatening" our Allies.

Is Survival Impolite?

He was referring to Mr. Dulles' speech at the NATO Council meeting on December 14, and the President's backing of him. Dulles had remarked that unless

Europe begins to get practical about its defense, we will reluctantly have to shop around for some other defense alignment.



Former Democratic Attorney General Jim McGranery wields big stick as he initiates GOP's Herbert Brownell into "Sinners & Saints." Brownell can afford to laugh at near miss.

Harris & Ewing



Gen. Alfred Gruenther, NATO head, told NATO ministers that no other word but "fantastic" could describe growth of his forces. He saw no possibility of defense cutbacks.

United Press photos



Spruille Braden, former Ass't. Sec'y. of State, told Senators that hidden Reds in government blocked his warnings of Communist infiltration in Latin America in 1940's.

While commending the Senator's high-test politeness, we believe that he was mistaken in this particular case.

Paced by France, the European Defense group has been lagging horribly. That is an undeniable fact and Mr. Dulles said so. He did not question Europe's *right* to dawdle. Any more than he questioned the French taste in wines or the German taste for lager.

All Dulles said was that *we* want security. If the European Defense Community will not mutually co-operate with us in obtaining it, we will be forced to go elsewhere. Just as somebody might say—if Macy's hasn't got it, I'll go to Gimbel's, or vice versa. The Secretary of State might perhaps have smiled with a more bouncy charm when he spoke. But then again, it was no smiling matter.

We would dislike the slightest suggestion of discourtesy or affront in the international contacts of any official of the United States Government. We do not think any was shown by Mr. Dulles in his Paris speech.

In fact, we think that the scattered cries of "murder" heard throughout Europe on the occasion were actually cries of resentment over the fact that we have apparently come of age diplomatically. No more can our senior partners across the water embarrass us out of an honest stand by sly snickers or disapproving frowns.

Senator Gilette needs no lesson in etiquette. But, perhaps, he should catch up a little on his history. It has moved somewhat of late.

AN important cornerstone of the Administration's social program involves a revision of the Social Security Act. The aim of this revision is to extend the coverage of old-age retirement annuities. In the course of this revision, there will be considerable discussion of a complete revision of our present social-security system. One major point of controversy will be the proposed abolition of the gigantic fund set aside for the payment of old-age annuities. Instead, there will be proposed the simple idea that each generation take care of its aged.

It is highly desirable that the entire problem be thoroughly re-examined. The situation of aged persons has changed so radically in our day that former approaches and methods are no longer fully applicable. On the one hand, advances in medical science have prolonged human life. The proportion of aged persons in the population is bound to rise. On the other hand, older persons are less secure now than formerly.

Much of the change can be traced to the crowded living conditions of recent years. More and more families are living in small houses or apartments. The presence of an aged dependent in such housing brings many problems. There is a lack of privacy which troubles both host and guest alike. In small houses or apartments, there is no feeling of being helpful or contributing to common family duties.

One solution of the problem is to give aged persons sufficient financial security that they may live alone. Whether this be in a home or hospital, or an apartment close by their children, at least they have independence and a feeling that they are not a burden upon a younger generation. This in turn involves the question of how to secure this financial independence. Personal savings and insurance can help a great deal. But the added security of federal old-age annuities is a real asset for the aged.

All this adds up to a powerful argument for the universal coverage proposed by the Eisenhower Administration. We may not approve the changes in family customs which leave aged persons to shift for themselves. At the same time, how-

ever, present housing conditions are hard facts which will not be changed overnight.

More controversial is the proposal that we abolish the fund set aside for the payment of old-age annuities. Some of the objections to this move, although plausible on the surface, lack any real substance. It is argued that, in the absence of the fund, there will be no real assurance that social-security benefits will be paid. Such an argument overlooks the fact that the fund is little more than a book-keeping operation. Social-security taxes go into the general revenues and are spent as they are received. Even today there is no real basis for future pensions other than the pledged word of our government.

The central idea in the old-age annuity provisions of the Social Security Act is that payments are matters of right, not grants to the needy. To scrap this idea in the interests of simplified administration and book-keeping would be a risky venture. Equally dangerous would be the disregarding of past earnings as a basis for payment.

The idea of one comprehensive system for giving financial assistance to the aged has some appeal. But ways should be found to separate grants to the needy aged from basic annuities graded according to the previous earnings of the aged person.

Jitterbugs On Safari

THE reading public continues to be regaled by reports of dangerous play and its attendant casualties. Mountain climbers fall off mountains or have amputations of frozen fingers and toes. In the Gulf Stream off Miami, a free diver descends 500 feet for a record, and doesn't come up. Perhaps the public should begin asking

how it ought to react to these adventures. Judging by the abundance of cameras that happen to be on hand to publicize their precarious larks, the adventurers seem to feel entitled to a majestic bow before an admiring audience. But are they?

We think a big distinction must be made.

If the adventure is part of a valid scientific program, it should get attention and applause. There are important biological and meteorological facts which can be investigated on top of Everest and cannot be researched in the prosaic safety of Coney Island or the Riviera. Economic secrets of the ocean floor cannot be probed in the riskless comfort of a cocktail lounge. Somebody has to gamble with his life in order, in the long run, to save human life. He is entitled to whatever fun develops on the side.

When expeditions are seriously equipped and trained to gather scientific information, they should be followed with great interest while they are struggling through. And with respectful sorrow when they end up with acute frostbite or a shark-chewed mate.

But rashly organized mountain climbing and other assorted ways of courting death for the thrill of it should get a different rating in the public mind. When a lot of kids (middle-aged or under) decide to spice up their lives by trying to fall off the Alps or get themselves drowned, they are doing nothing more respectable than practicing the ancient and childish art of "hell-raising."

Public opinion should spank them by its emphatic disapproval. They should be notified that freezing to death or dropping through a glacier is a messy and laborious way to play the game of suicide.

Russian roulette is surer. Or, if they must get up high, handstanding on the coping of a skyscraper is less exhausting. There will be an elevator to take them up.

"But," public opinion should callously remark, "if you fall off, please be considerate. Don't land on anybody. And spatter as little as possible."



Gilloon

Violence on New York waterfront dramatized the importance mob elements gave to longshoremen's vote in AFL vs. ILA battling. Docks will remain unsettled for months.



Harris & Ewing

AFL's George Meany, left, signed no-raiding agreement with CIO's Walter Reuther as prelude to final merger talks. Meanwhile, John L. Lewis planned third big labor group.



United Press

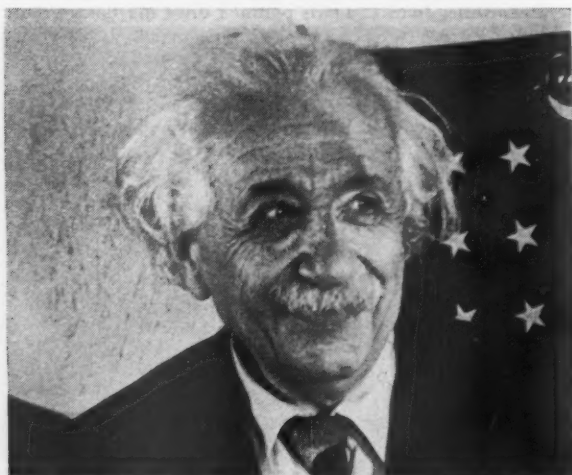
Vice President Nixon, reporting on his recent good will tour of Far East, said Eisenhower foreign policy has put the Communist world "for the first time on the defensive."



United Press photo
Pfc. Robert Ebel of St. Louis dishes up ice cream for Korean waif at Catholic orphanage near Taegu, Korea. GI's have done remarkable service in promoting good will.



Recently released from Red China, Father Jerome Does, C.P., reflects joy that comes with the freedom of the sons of God as he arrives on French luxury liner, "Liberté."



"Clear it with Einstein" may become the catchword for witnesses who wish to invoke Fifth Amendment at Senate hearing. Einstein admitted advising witness not to talk.

Views in Brief

MOVIES, MORALS, AND MOTION. Aching for more freedom in film censorship, Samuel Goldwyn wants the production code brought up to date. "The world has moved on," he reveals, "but the code has stood still." It's like saying we hatch eggs faster but still get chickens. What else? Men may whiz or walk, but they're still men and must be moral. One is reminded of the Duchess in *Alice in Wonderland*. She wanted her way because "the world would go around a deal faster than it does." "Which would not be an advantage," said Alice.

WHAT COMES NATURALLY. In a "New York Times" Youth Forum on Communist teachers, what the students took for granted was more disturbing than what they said. They took for granted that they had to learn the false to know the true and the bad to choose the good; they would then be wise and virtuous. They took for granted man's natural goodness and the need for intellectual and moral slumming. Eve tried this with the snake: she neither graduated with honors nor improved her morals. We don't expect the Juillard School to teach bad music on poor instruments. We expect a college to impart sound knowledge and train in sound thinking and mold good men. That can't just happen.

DELINQUENT PARENTS. A Senate committee reports: delinquents increase five times as fast as teen-age population; 385,000 teen-agers are brought to court; one of every eighteen falls into the hands of police. The committee stressed youth's sense of insecurity as a basic cause, circled the home as the danger zone, and pointed its finger at parents. Said Senator Langer: "We have to curb parental delinquency if we want to diminish juvenile delinquency." Perhaps too many parents think children just grow. It seems too many worry about what to do with them instead of for them.

NEW LABOR FEDERATION? While the AFL and the CIO approach the last stages of their crucial merger talks, we keep hearing odd noises offstage. John L. Lewis noisily embraces the corrupt, racket-ridden International Longshoremen's Association; rumors fly that Lewis may team up with disgruntled Dave McDonald of the CIO Steel Workers; and even power-hungry Dave Beck of the AFL Teamsters is said to be willing to kiss and make up with the ILA to join McDonald and Lewis in a third big labor federation.

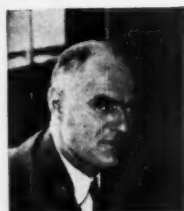
Makes it hard to pay attention to the main show.

MARXISTS AND MARY. Joseph Revai, Hungary's Communist propaganda chief, according to a report in the *Dublin Catholic Standard*, has got the willies. And it isn't the United State's big fleet of atom bombers that's causing his quivering at the knees. It's Hungarian Catholic devotion to Mary. Said Revai in a speech to Budapest Reds: "The revival of the faith during the Marian Year will be more dangerous to Communist rule than a fleet of superbombers from the West."

OLD TUNE IN AN OFF KEY. *Frontier*, a West Coast magazine that claims to be "the Voice of the New West," has been fooling a lot of California liberals with rehashed versions of Communist United Front harmonies—vintage 1930. Chief target of the sheet: "witch hunts," "blacklists," and the "black silence of fear" the editors say now covers the United States.

But strangely enough, *Frontier* has not a whisper to breathe against Communism at home or abroad.

Frontier's self-imposed "Red silence" seems to be caused more by love for Moscow than by fear of Washington.



The Communist's nominal leader was Thorez (below, third left). The ruling triumvirate was Marty (second left), Duclos (right), and Tillon (inset). Which one was being framed?



French Press & Information Service

Why Russia Betrayed the Communists

Russia would seem a saint, when most she plays the devil. She gets rid of anyone who cannot play the part

by HANNIBAL TOWLE

WHO was "XXX"?

Either there was a police spy right up at the top of France's Communist Party, or somebody was being framed.

During 1952 there appeared in the Paris newspaper *Le Figaro* a number of stories signed simply "XXX." They were gossip and eyewitness anecdotes which could have been known at first hand only to the highest party leadership. Nothing really damaging, nothing

too embarrassing. Just enough to indicate that "XXX" had a pipeline through which something important could someday flow.

To non-Communist French it was a great joke that there should be such a hole in the stern façade. But the rank-and-file Commies were hotly indignant. Part of the appeal of Communism to the French lies in their love of intrigue—the secret meeting, the whisper, the code and password, the street-

corner rendezvous at midnight—if only for such romps as chalking "U. S. GO HOME" on walls. Such a leak as that leading to "XXX" soured the fun.

Paris newspapermen soon learned that "XXX" was merely a staff writer for *Le Figaro* and that the source of his information was the French Sûreté Nationale, akin to our FBI. Their conclusion was that the police had a spy planted in the party and were feeding "XXX" innocuous items from his reports merely to keep party leaders worried and suspicious of each other.

But observers who study closely the mentality and methods of Communists had another theory: the leak was deliberate, its purpose to establish the presence of a traitor in the party leadership. When the rank-and-file had become sufficiently aroused, the "traitor" would be exposed.

But who was framing whom?

The nominal leader of the party was Maurice Thorez, but he had suffered a stroke in 1950 and had long been in Russia for treatment. In his absence the party was being ruled by a trium-

virate composed of Jacques Duclos, André Marty, and Charles Tillon.

Duclos was a colorless party functionary, with nothing much on his record except a willingness to plod ox-like along the twisting party line.

André Marty was a fish from another school. He'd been a leader of the Black Sea Mutiny of 1919, when French sailors rebelled against Allied support of anti-Bolshevik forces in Russia. Marty had been jailed and became a Leftist martyr. He rose rapidly in the ranks of the French Communist Party. While fighting with the Loyalists in Spain, he'd won the nickname of "The Butcher of Albacete." At the outset of World War II, he had no wish to fight Hitler—then allied with Stalin—and fled to Moscow. After the war he returned to France and was elected to the Chamber of Deputies by voters of a constituency in the "Red Belt" of Parisian suburbs. With Parliamentary immunity from arrest thus gained, he undertook the dual task of attempting to undermine the morale of French troops fighting in Indo-China and of organizing political strikes and riots. His last big job had been staging the anti-Ridgway "germ warfare" demonstrations in the spring of '52. He was colorful, vigorous, the special hero of young Communists.

THE third member of the triumvirate had remained in France during the Occupation. Charles Tillon organized and led the vast Communist Underground, which proved effective in espionage and sabotage and in pulling off a number of big robberies which helped to fatten the Communists' postwar treasury. In recognition of Tillon's work, General DeGaulle made him Air Minister in his postwar cabinet. As such, Tillon did such a thorough job of sabotaging the nationalized aircraft-production industry that even today it

still hasn't fully recovered. When the Communists were tossed out of the Government, Tillon remained a top party official.

Was one of the three being framed as a traitor? If so, which?

It proved to be Marty. Charged with being a "police spy," a "hireling of the bourgeois press" and tipster to "XXX," and also with "slandering and lying," he was heaved out of the party in January, 1953.

But he was not alone. Into the discard also went Tillon, charged with "deviation," that greatest Communist crime which means straying from the party line as laid down by Moscow.

Such deviation may be to the right or left. In Communist parlance "right-wing deviation" means putting national interests above those of the Cominform; "left-wing deviation" means over-eagerness, a wish to go too far, too fast, impatience with Moscow-dictated discipline.

Both Marty, the leader, and Tillon, the organizer, were "left-wing deviationists." They were revolutionaries, not functionaries like Duclos. Many left-wing Communists quit the party over the Marty-Tillon affair, refusing to be led by "that pastry cook," as they called Duclos from his pre-political occupation. But the pastry cook came out top dog—though a tame one. Always there was by his side, at public rallies and parades, Jeannette Vermeersch, wife of the absent Thorez. It was obvious that she held the leash and who owned the leash. The orders for the elimination of the left-wingers had come from the Kremlin.

The elimination or taming of the left-wing Communists had been going on in Western Europe for some time.

There had been a showdown in Italy as far back as 1948. The Communist left wing there was led by party Assistant Secretaries—General Pietro Secchia, the Italian André Marty, and Luigi Longo, who is roughly equivalent to France's Tillon.

WHILE the Secretary-General, Palmiro Togliatti, was incapacitated following a June, 1948, attempt at assassination, Secchia and Longo tried to seize control of the party and start a civil war. They were frustrated by Giuseppe di Vittorio, leader of the Communist C.G.I.L. (Italian General Confederation of Labor.) Vittorio refused his organization's support to Secchia and Longo.

Stalin backed Vittorio. Secchia and Longo remained in the party, but under the firm control of Togliatti, a reliable functionary.

The pattern is general.

The nominal leader of the Commu-

HANNIBAL TOWLE, formerly a newspaper reporter in this country, has for the past two years been freelancing in Europe, writing newspaper stories, pamphlets, and special reports for various U. S. information agencies.

nist Party in Great Britain is Harry Pollitt, a sort of cockney counterpart of France's "pastry cook." While Pollitt is willing, he is not too bright. His wires are jerked from back-stage by a professionally inconspicuous little man named Palme Dutte, born in London of Indian parents, and Russia's top agent in Great Britain. He runs the show, while Harry Pollitt takes the bows—which is quite all right with Harry.

LAST spring there was a Communist parade in Glasgow. As usual, Harry strutted along proudly behind a huge Stalin-type portrait of himself. From the ranks immediately behind came a loud voice: "He should carry the picture himself, should Harry, with a big sign saying 'This is Me'."

This was more than *lese majesty*. It was added evidence that the left wing of the party, centered largely in Scotland, was getting out of hand.

The voice was that of young Hugh Savage, plumber, leader of a successful strike of apprentices at the Clydeside shipyards, lately-appointed member of the Party's Glasgow Committee, highly advertised as a model Communist youth, but worrisome in his overeagerness for a Marxist state.

There had been another incident recently in Glasgow. Alec Bernstein, an important official in the Scotch branch of the party, had failed to render "spontaneous" applause to a speech setting forth Pollitt's views. Alec said his recalcitrance rose from the coolness of party leaders toward the more active members. "The comrades who put Korean slogans on the suspension bridge (at Glasgow) and the comrades who put the Rosenberg flag on the flagpole have been called on the carpet and indeed punished."

It was decided to punish Savage and Bernstein. But who should leap hotly to their defense but "Red Harry" McShane, a Communist of thirty-one years standing, organizer of the "hunger marches" of the 1930's, Scottish correspondent for the London *Daily Worker*, and hero of the young, militant element of Britain's Communists—a Scotch Marty.

Last July McShane, Savage, and Bernstein were forced to resign from the party. Wrote McShane for the bourgeois press: "Some of us believe that conceit and opportunism have seized hold of the leaders. . . ." He accused Pollitt of trying to be a "states-



Harry Pollitt is the Communists' nominal leader in Great Britain. He is the puppet who takes the bows

man" rather than a revolutionist. However, Polliut—and Palme Dutte—remain in the saddle. There is no room for revolutionists.

In Denmark, the left-wing leader was George Moltved. George yelled loud for revolution, backed by the Russian army. Last spring he published a pamphlet saying a Communist regime never had been, never could be, established without help from the Russians, and any talk of "united front" and parliamentary methods was pap. He called the official leadership "middle class" and "petite bourgeoisie." When the party threw out Moltved, they called him a "political double-crosser" and "Washington agent."

In Norway, the left-wing leaders were purged in February, 1951, with the exclusion of Furuboten and nineteen of his followers, who had become impatient with Russia's failure to pull off a Communist revolution in Norway. Furuboten was dubbed a "Trotskyite."

In April, 1953, Set Persson, leader of the left wing of the Swedish Communist Party, resigned in protest over Russia's refusal to authorize a revolution and was reported trying to organize a Communist party independent of Moscow, like Tito's in Yugoslavia. The



Pietro Secchia, Italian Communist, went too far to the left. He remained in the party, but under the thumb of Togliatti

new party would not wait upon Russia's convenience for revolution.

There have been other efforts toward Titoism. In Belgium, Senator Fernand Demany, who had too conspicuously snubbed Russian diplomats at Brussels social-functions, was heaved out of the party. The party charged that, as leader of their underground in Belgium during the war, he stole the payrolls. In a book published last spring, Demany countered: "For a long time the USSR has given tangible symptoms of an imperialism that has nothing to do with democracy." He has an ambition to be a Belgian Tito.

In Finland, the major struggle is between a right-wing Titoist element and the ruling party group, who are not even Finnish citizens, but long-time expatriates who adopted Russian citizenship and returned as Moscow agents after the war.

The pattern extends from Iceland to

Greece. In Iceland, in 1949, the left-wingers staged a bloody demonstration outside the Icelandic parliament building in protest against Iceland's signing the North Atlantic Treaty. Moscow frowned on the violence, and the left-wingers have been as quiet as good little mice ever since.

The Greek left-wingers did not get off with frowns. After the Communist leadership was forced to flee into exile, the left-wingers among them began to die mysteriously. In January, 1953, the Greek Central Committee, meeting behind the Iron Curtain, called all the left-wingers, who wanted to keep the revolutionary pot boiling in Greece, "traitors and spies in the service of the (Greek) Intelligence Service."

If there was any doubt how the wind blew, it was dispelled by the case of Nicholas Ploumbides, who re-



G. di Vittorio, Communist labor leader, refused to support Secchia and Longo. He feared civil war. Vittorio won

mained in Greece when the others fled and directed the Communist Underground. After being hunted for six years by the Security Police, Ploumbides was captured in November, 1952. But last spring, party leader Zachariades dubbed the prisoner a traitor, a "Security agent." On August 3, 1953, before a military tribunal at Athens, the "Security agent" was sentenced to death.

Does the purging of "left-wing deviationists" mean that Russia does not want revolutions in Western Europe?

Yes. Little could be more damaging to Russia's purpose than such revolutions now. Since the failure of the effort in Greece, Russia has striven in Western Europe to deter revolution. It has, in fact, perpetrated a gigantic fraud upon the Communist rank-and-file, and even upon many leaders, who have only recently begun to realize that they've been had.

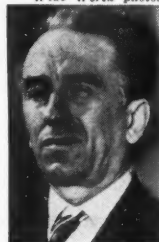
Russia has diverted social and economic protest, much of it legitimate, into the dead-end alleys of Russian-sponsored political and labor organizations. Many economic and social gains, which could have been achieved through legitimate parliamentary methods backed by non-Communist labor organizations, have purposely been frustrated.

There has, in sorry fact, been a real, if informal, collaboration between the

most reactionary elements of European-style capitalism and the Communists.

On March 25, 1953, shortly after the death of Stalin, and while the Malenkov government was commencing its first "peace offensive," *Taegliche Rundschau*, official Red Army newspaper in East Germany, published a significant editorial. It recalled how Lenin had made peace with the Germans at Brest-Litovsk during World War I to give Russia "a breathing space . . . to give

Wide World photos



Luigi Longo joined Secchia to get control of the party. It was the wrong part to play. He lost leading role

it a chance of putting its house in order, to take advantage of disputes within the imperialist camp . . . Thus, Lenin gave a classic example of the adaptation of Bolshevik strategy and tactics. He taught that detours often are necessary if, at a given moment, the opponent is superior in strength. Only thus will it be possible to prepare a new attack, to establish the basis for the final victory . . ."

Russia felt that for the time being the West was stronger. Remember that strength is many things, not just numbers of men under arms.

One phase of the detour is the policy of "united front" with non-Communist labor. Its purpose is ostensibly to achieve social and economic gains in which the non-Communists do believe and the Communists pretend to be-

(Continued on page 76)



Palmiro Togliatti, Communist chief of Italy, has a firm hand. He plays well the part given him by Russia

Zwillman



Lansky



UP and Wide World photos



Adonis

BIG RACKET in small change

by MILTON LOMASK

The slot machines have become a big racket—
so big and profitable that an official warned:
“Anyone who prints these things is dead”

THE American people last year shoved a billion dollars worth of small change into vending machines, and at least a tenth of it eventually landed in the cash drawer of a syndicate whose top brass reads like a *Who's Who in the Underworld*.

That the mobsters were cutting themselves a slice of the industry's dollar first came to light during the Kefauver hearings in 1950 and 1951. Subsequent investigations, including a two-day Congressional hearing in Detroit last summer, plus information from vendors and their customers, round out the picture.

It isn't an edifying picture. It hasn't been edifying to assemble. A union official said, “Anyone who prints these things is dead.” Said a smalltime Brooklyn vendor, “People have been known to get into trouble digging up stuff like this.”

What is the vending machine industry? It's two million vending machines, including 400,000 juke boxes. It's some 1,600 suppliers and manufacturers. It's 1,200 operators ranging from the Automatic Canteen Company of America with a 1952 gross of forty million to

individual owners of from fifty to a hundred machines each.

To “operate” a machine is to find a “spot” for it. The operator services the machine and collects the proceeds. The owner of the spot—bar, restaurant, factory, filling station—receives a commission, usually five per cent.

At the turn of the century, the only things you could get out of a vending machine were a ball of gum or a fistful of peanuts. Today you put your nickel, your dime, or your quarter in here and anyone of fifty different items tumbles out there.

At St. John's University in downtown Brooklyn, the New York Automatic Canteen Corporation maintains a battery of machines out of which a student can dine from soup to nuts. Over the country, some 25 per cent of all cigarettes, candy bars, gum, and drinks are disbursed in this manner. There are coin-operated typewriters, coin-operated letter-mailers, and coin-operated washers. A few years ago, a Texas operator pocketed a nice profit from a machine that dispensed whiffs of pure oxygen for hangover sufferers.

Hoffa



The vending-machine racket, not to be confused with the industry, employs the usual shakedown methods. To stay in business, an operator often finds it advisable to join both a trade association and a union. Association and union work together. Together they see to it that outsiders leave their members' spots alone and that no member covets another's customers.

In the case of a legitimate industry, the higher the turnover the lower the cost per item. Gangland entrepreneurs work the other way around. Their product is freedom-from-terror. The more they sell, the more they charge, and the consuming public ultimately foots the bill. In Cleveland, Detroit, New York City, and one or two other cities, many operators pay off to an association, a union, or both—or else.

“Or else,” in the words of a terrified

witness before last summer's Congressional hearings in Detroit, "something strange happens. Where a minute ago there was a plate glass window across the front of your place, suddenly there ain't."

Or you turn out to be "anti-labor" and a picket line appears.

Or suddenly there's a loud noise.

"That's the dynamite," said the witness. "Gentlemen, even now my wife is at home hysterical. . . I am afraid of my life!"

In Cleveland a few years ago, a man and his son-in-law went into the cigarette vending-machine business. One morning, the son-in-law received callers in his office, three unprepossessing fellows. They said they were representatives of a teamsters local and they wanted the partners to join the union. Dues would be 20 per cent of the company's profits.

THE young business man asked them to return next day when his partner could be on hand. The three fellows returned. This time their conversation was recorded on a wiretape concealed on the premises. When the partners took the wiretape to police headquarters, they were met with what amounted to a stall. Returning to their office, they found the three labor goons cooling their heels.

"We hear you been to the Commissioner," they said. "We'll take that wiretape."

The partners had no choice but to

hand it over. At home that evening, at seven o'clock, the younger partner answered his phone. Said a voice:

"Your wife and your two kids went shopping this afternoon in a Plymouth Station wagon. She bought \$25 worth of groceries. You, your wife, and your kids are about to sit down to a nice steak dinner."

The voice hung up. It was on the line again later. All night, every hour on the hour, came the ring, the voice, the veiled threat.

The next morning, the partners "joined" the union. Some idea of what their employees probably got out of it is obtainable from testimony before last summer's Congressional hearing. A vendor said that before his men joined the union, their take-home pay averaged \$69 a week. After they joined, it averaged \$69—less union dues.

The vending-machine racket is, of course, a part of a larger picture. It is one of several interlocking syndicates engaged in what Congressman Clare E. Hoffman of Michigan has called "a nationwide conspiracy to extort millions of dollars from the American people."

Every year or so, the top directors of these enterprises convene to review their varied activities. These sessions are held either at a Wisconsin boys camp or on a dude ranch near Gulfport, Miss. Among those more or less regularly in attendance are names familiar to newspaper readers.

There's Paul Dorfman, who as head of a little rag-pickers union in Chicago

ekes out a yearly income reputed to be in the vicinity of \$600,000. Dorfman's son runs an insurance agency which brokers the group welfare policies of a large eastern company, policies purchased by at least one of the teamster locals to which vending-machine service employees belong.

WHEN the elder Dorfman issues an R.S.V.P., big shots put on boiled shirts. A few years ago, at an American Federation of Labor convention in Houston, he gave a cocktail party. Guests included A.F. of L. President George Meany and Alex Rose, head of the Millinery Workers Union and a director of the New York Liberal Party. Subsequently, another guest registered a protest. David Dubinsky, president of the International Ladies Garment Workers Union, said he was not invited directly by Dorfman, that he was "embarrassed and angered" on learning the identity of his host.

There's Abner (Longy) Zwillman, New Jersey underworld czar and mayor-maker *par excellence*. Like Dorfman, Zwillman seems to be an untouchable. During a long career, launched as a prohibition rum-runner, he has had no serious skirmish with the law. Zwillman owns the Public Service Tobacco Company, which supplies cigarettes to vendors. One of his subsidiaries places coin-operated washers in apartment house cellars.

There's Michael Lascari, Zwillman's business partner and a lifetime pal of



Congressman Hoffman said the slot-machine racket was a plot that extorted millions of dollars from the American people

Every year over a billion dollars of change goes into vending machines. Out of them comes any one of fifty different items

gangster Lucky Luciano, now of Italy, courtesy of the Federal deportation authorities.

And there's Meyer Lansky, whom Senator Kefauver once identified as a kingpin in the New York City underworld. Lansky used to be in the television-set business with mobsters Frank Costello and Joe Adonis. He's been active in sundry vending-machine activities.

These men and their peers administer the vending-machine racket the country over. In most areas, their major interest is the profitable cigarette machine business. In Detroit, it's juke boxes.

Testifying in the Michigan industrial capital last summer before the subcommittee headed by Congressman Hoffman, a Building Service labor consultant shook his prepared statement and contemptuously denounced "the Hoffas . . . and the Bufalinos."

James R. Hoffa is no pebble on the labor beach. He's a boulder, smoothed by twenty run-ins with the law on assorted criminal charges. As second-in-command to International Teamster Chief Dave Beck, currently a prime mover in the attempt to tidy up the New York waterfront, Hoffa breathes the heady air of upper A.F. of L. regions.

Himself a witness at the Hoffman hearings, Hoffa took frequent refuge in the great twentieth-century cliché. "I decline to answer on the grounds that . . ." He declined to say whether or not he had a financial interest in any corporations. It is a matter of record that he does, or at any rate did as of 1951. He does, or he did, own half interest in six thousand shares of stock in the Columbus Trotting Association, and Detroit newspapers recently reported that he was trying to oust the Building Service local which now has jurisdiction over the racetrack employees and replace it with an outfit of his own.

HE declined to say whether or not his wife was an employee of Teamster Local 985, which another witness called "a paper operation" engaged in finding favorable juke box locations for members of the Michigan Music Operators Guild, a Detroit trade association composed of juke box operators and dominated by known gangster elements.

William Eugene Bufalino, under indictment at this writing, is president of Local 985. Mr. Bufalino was unable to attend the Hoffman hearings. He was in a Detroit hospital suffering from what was originally billed as "a respiratory ailment," subsequently altered to "severe psycho-neurotic depression."

A witness at the Hoffman hearings called Bufalino "the dictator of the Detroit juke box industry." The statement is subject to the reservation that Bu-

lino obviously takes his orders from a person or persons "upstairs." In New York City last summer, a Mr. Frank Calland died suddenly. Calland was not well known to the public, but was well known along what the racket boys call "the vending-machine circuit." Among the floral pieces at his funeral was a \$100 spray, sent by Bufalino and paid for by his union.

Bufalino's wife is a sister of Vincent Meli, a director of the Michigan Music Operators Guild, the trade association previously mentioned. Vincent's uncle, Angelo Meli, is no stranger to Detroit law enforcement authorities. From his

Matthew Forbes, director of the Association, says "only one-half of the 140 operators in this area belong to the Association." He offers this as evidence that there is nothing to the allegation that nonmembers are frequently "super-persuaded" to join up. He concedes that his members do 80 per cent of the business in the five boroughs of New York City and in nearby Westchester, Nassau, and Suffolk counties. This is a sizeable amount as there are some 30,000 cigarette machines in the area. Nonmembers, however, say the Association boys do 90 per cent of the business.

Reached by phone, Mr. Forbes was at



David Dubinsky, president of the ILCWU was "embarrassed and angered" upon learning identity of his host at Dorfman's cocktail party.

\$25,000 home in Grosse Pointe Park, Mich., Angelo is reputed to oversee some of the major operations of the Detroit underworld.

The situation in New York City has never been subjected to extensive official scrutiny. Reputable vendors and their customers, however, are not averse to supplying details.

The organization which cigarette vending machine operators are urged to join is the Cigarette Merchandisers Association, Inc. Vendors say the Association "guards its member's spots." If John Jones, tavern owner, becomes dissatisfied with his cigarette vending machine and tries to replace it with that of another company, he's likely to get no place at all. Chances are any company he calls will be a member of the Association. Instead of sending him a machine, the company gets in touch with the Association. After which, pressure is put on Tavern Owner Jones to keep the machine he has.

first reluctant to talk. "All information about the Association," he said, "must be obtained from the National." Meaning the National Automatic Merchandising Association, a reputable trade group headquartered in Chicago.

"We're an affiliate of NAMA," said Mr. Forbes, "and I'm not permitted to give out any data whatsoever."

Apprised of charges made against the Association, Mr. Forbes became communicative. "All the Association does," he said, "is keep members abreast of developments in the field. We take no interest whatsoever in any member's business affairs."

Asked how a member did business, Mr. Forbes said: "Oh, you know. He puts his machine in a spot and signs a contract. In return for the contract, he gives the spot-owner an advance on commissions or a loan or a bonus."

The union to which many New York vending-machine service employees belong is Teamsters Local 805. Its vice

As the the ence tion per- edes the New ster, is a 30, Non- tion ss. as at

president and welfare fund administrator is Abe Gordon. Gordon is the owner of the Abe Gordon Trucking Company and the A & P Cordage Company, both of New York City.

A partner with Gordon in these enterprises is Phil Kovalick, alias Spic Farvel, alias Joseph Phillips, etc. In 1939, a New York prosecutor called Kovalick "one of the most important figures in the New York underworld." At that time, he was being held by police as a material witness in connection with strong-arm activities by racketeers in the New York City garment district.

As a truck-company owner, labor leader Gordon is also an employer of labor. "But my men don't belong to this local," he said, speaking of 805. "They belong to a different local."

Gordon is a surly conversationalist. To each of half a dozen questions concerning the activities of his local, he gave one of two replies: "You guess," or, "Ask the International." He volunteered: "You try to connect Dave Beck and you're dead. Beck has thrown out his best friends. If he saw a man on a truck out there, he'd yank him off." Loosely translated, this double-talk seems to mean that, in Gordon's opinion, Teamster Chief Beck is trying to keep his big union clean.

AMONG several medium-sized vending enterprises in New York is the National Vending Corporation, which places cigarette machines directly or through a number of subsidiaries in Greater New York, Florida, Dallas, and Los Angeles. President of National is Harold Roth of Hewlett Neck, Long Island.

In 1952, Roth and an associate applied to the New York State Liquor Authority for a restaurant liquor license. On October 23, 1952, the two applicants were summoned to an SLA hearing conducted by Deputy Commissioners Sol Johnson and Michael J. Monz.

Portions of what transpired at this hearing are "must" reading for every serious student of the problems confronting one of America's fastest-growing industries.

In 1942, according to a transcription of the testimony, Roth and a partner purchased the assets of a small Brooklyn vending concern called the Kings County Cigarette Service. Roth admitted knowing that one of the former owners of Kings County—one of the men from whom the purchase was made—was Gambler Joe Adonis, Brooklyn's foremost gangster, who is currently sweating out an appeal from a court conviction which, if upheld, will exile him to Italy. Roth explained that he and his

MILTON LOMASK, former reporter for the *New York Journal-American* and other papers, is now a full-time freelance writer. He has written for many leading magazines.

partner had not bought the stock of Kings County, only its assets, the right to use its name and what Roth termed its "dubious prestige."

Asked Commissioner Johnson: "When you realized you were buying something with which Joe Adonis was associated, didn't it occur to you that possibly" the bar owners and others who were using those machines were doing so "because of that association?" Later, Roth was asked another pointed question. Had he no compunction about doing business with mobsters?

He replied that not only had he no compunction, but that in doing business with mobsters, he had done the vending-machine industry a service! He pointed out that the industry is full of "undesirable elements" and that in buying out Joe Adonis he had got rid of at least one of them!

Further testimony brought out a touching fact, namely that after doing his good deed for the industry, Mr. Roth had modestly proceeded to keep it a secret. He never told the customers of Kings County that the company whose machines they were using had changed from bad hands to good. On the contrary, by his own admission, Roth made a special effort to give these customers the impression that Joe Adonis still had a financial interest in their cigarette-vending machines.

Roth was asked where he purchased his cigarette vending machines. He mentioned three companies, among them the Rowe Corporation. Rowe, with a 1952 gross of 37 million dollars, is the largest manufacturer of vending machines in the country. Some idea of what long arms Grandmother Racket has is shown by the well-authenticated fact that in 1949 a group of men claiming to be representatives of the Rowe Corporation offered officials of a United Automobile Workers-CIO union in New Jersey \$4,800, with more to come, if they would persuade their negotiators to

permit Rowe to speed up production in its manufacturing plant at Whippany, N. J. The union officials turned the offer down.

In addition to its production branch, Rowe maintains fifty-three retail vending distributor companies in American cities, including New York, and one of the Corporation's officers is also listed as an officer of the trade association headed by Matthew Forbes. An attempt to find out whether the Rowe officials were aware of the 1949 bribery attempt was met with a statement by the Corporation's public relations agency that "You're barking up the wrong tree."

So it goes—a case history of what is happening to one of the dozen or more industries on which, according to Senator Kefauver, organized crime has imposed an enervating "share-the-wealth" program.

THE story is becoming shamefully commonplace. It is becoming so, according to many troubled observers, because law-enforcement authorities are forced to work in a climate of public opinion hamstrung by a philosophy of moral relativism. Even a Catholic publication has complained that there is too much moral indignation today about "labor racketeering." The editors say people are all too ready to believe the worst of labor. They imply that many business men also live in a glass house.

The point is not *who* is committing these sins, but that they are being committed and that the public is permitting them to happen.

What is at stake is simple human freedom. If a man cannot go into business without paying tribute to human parasites, if he cannot competitively bid for customers on the open market, it is flim-flam to talk about freedom in America and to scatter over the world pious pronouncements about "democracy."

There is no such thing as freedom from this or that. There is no such thing as "political freedom" or "economic freedom" or "religious freedom" or freedom from want, fear, or nagging wives. There is only *freedom*. It is indivisible; and when these snakes in the underworld lash their fangs into a phase of it, they poison the whole business.

The public is rightly indignant at the presence in America of a Red Fifth Column. But these gangsters are doing the country every bit as much harm as any addled, Communistic technician snooping in the archives at Fort Monmouth, N. J. They comprise a Black Sixth Column with a gun at the back of every American, employer or employee, liberal or conservative, rich or poor, God-fearing or otherwise.

IN OTHER WORDS . . .

PSYCHIATRIST: A man who doesn't have to worry as long as other people do.

—Quote

STATISTICIAN: A man who comes to the rescue of figures that can't lie for themselves.

LUXURY: A thing that becomes a necessity when the neighbors get it.
—*Dublin Opinion*



The BLACK BULL

by Paul Annister

As he stood there, a dryness came over Jared

ILLUSTRATED BY HENRY HARTMAN

FROM the kitchen door Doria saw Jared and the team coming up from the lower twenty in the last of the sunlight. He saw her, too, she knew, but she didn't wave. Neither did he. For the past year they hadn't bothered with such things. There had been neither the time nor the energy for them. Nothing left over. The crowded unforgiving days began at sun-up and ended at sun-down in summer; began long before sun-up and ended long after dark in winter. When darkness came they sought their bed in the high room under the eaves, too tired to talk, to read, or turn on the radio.

But the farm was prospering now. Jared had tripled his grain output in the past year. A sheaf of his No. 1 Hard Wheat had been on exhibition at the State Fair, a little bottle of golden grains beside it. His black Angus bull had taken a blue ribbon; so had Doria's butter and jams. They'd worked even harder after that. Their days were nothing but work, for Jared was set on getting Upsahl's thirty acres just below their land. It really belonged to the farm, he said. But Upsahl's price was high.

The winter had been grim and long; an "open" winter of north-east winds

and flying grit, with scarcely any snow; earth of iron, sky of steel; monotony of dead fields and bare trees. They had both looked gray, bowed and dispirited under it. Spring had promised, then retreated, delaying endlessly. But spring had come at last.

Jared came in, stamping, and dropped a load of wood in the box beside the stove, letting out a long breath as if that were the last move he'd be capable of in this life. On the kitchen table Doria had ready their two plates, soup bowls, and coffee cups. Jared splashed a minute at the sink then sank leadenly into his place at table. She filled his

Was the prize bull worth the price his owners were paying?

bowl with steaming soup and laid out some mid-day leftovers. Then she sat down in the high-backed rocking chair by the window. She had spent an exhausting day, for they were to go in to town next morning with a load of produce.

"Aren't you eating anything?" Jared asked, noting her unused plate.

He almost never called her Doria any more. Dorrit, he had called her when they were first married. Now he addressed her as "you", or nothing.

"I'm too tired to eat," she said.

"So am I," he said testily, "but I've got sense enough to keep up my strength at least."

SHE tried to keep hold of herself. It had been a week since they had quarreled, and when they did everything turned black and horrible. But frayed nerves and exhausted body wrung words from her almost as if someone else had said them, bitter words she had not meant to utter:

"Yes, you're always all sense and no feeling."

He glanced at her sharply. "It might be different if it wasn't for hill blood here," he retorted harshly, and they were off again.

Doria came of poor hill folk, neither ambitious nor competent farmers, and of late Jared never let her forget the fact. Her father had borrowed from him, machinery, a little money now and again. He himself was of thrifty lowland stock and inclined to be increasingly proud of the fact.

"You needn't go on," she said. "You've said all's to be said about me and my folks, long since."

"Have I? Well, there's this to be added: it's those of your father's stripe that are ruining these hills. Won't be a real farm nor any thoroughbred stock left before long, if they have their way."

The old furious temper, over which he had less and less control of late, had gripped him. The dark blue vein on his forehead that was its flag and signal had begun to twitch and swell.

Doria fell to weeping quietly. He went on eating methodically and in silence. Presently he said:

"I may sell the calves and two of the cows in town tomorrow. Been thinking about it. Going to see Upsahl again about that land. Damned foreigners coming in here—homesteading all the good land, then selling it sky high to regular Americans!" His face grew sharp and pinched with his resentment. "But I want that land, spite of his price."

"Of course you'd have to sell the calves," she said with a bitterness that

startled her. "The little and helpless, the things we raised, that trust and depend on us." She had helped some of those calves into the world, loved them through babyhood. "Why don't you sell the black bull instead? What he'd bring would buy that land."

"And fall to raising scrub cattle like your pa, I suppose?" The vein throbbed at his temple. His face twisted in a searing tide of bitterness. "How many times have I said that blooded stock's the only thing that pays? I'll not break my standards. I'll show them a farm here, soon or late, like they've never seen in these parts."

Doria's eyes and cheeks burned. "You can take in my butter and eggs tomorrow with the calves," she said, "and keep the money. There's some more in the pewter mug in the cupboard. I wouldn't touch it after this. We can do without the curtains and the kitchen linoleum. And I'll do without a dress. Nobody ever sees our things anyway."

NO. Nobody sees them but us. But you'll get your linoleum and curtains. A mite of pin money'll not help here."

He rose, pushed his chair under the table with care and leaned on it. "I'll milk. Want to get an early start in the morning. Got a big day in town."

"You can start as early as you like," she said. "I'm not going."

He stood looking at her, irresolution showing in his face.

"I may not find time to get in again for another three weeks."

"It doesn't matter," she said deliberately. "Why, my clothes have gotten so funny I don't want to be seen in them again."

He was shaken for a moment, jarred out of himself. Then his mouth hardened. "All right, if that's the way you're taking it," he said and took up his hat. But he did not go out.

Doria sat in a clasp of accusing silence, tears running unheeded down her cheeks. Now her pride and anger had robbed her of the single pleasure of her days, the trip to town, which came only once a month. The day which meant relaxation from monotonous drudgery, change, talk with friends not seen in months. But something in her gloated over it all; she was glad she had been able to hurt him.

Jared spoke from where he stood hovering by the stove. "It must be nice to hide behind a lot of tears. That always stops everything—puts the blame on somebody else. There's no answer to crying."

He had gotten hold of himself and might have reasoned calmly, but she

did not deign to answer him. He turned sullenly and went out to the barn, slamming the door behind him.

Constriction seemed crushing in upon the very cage of Doria's ribs, so that she could scarcely breathe. A hopeless darkness was its core. Her mind cast desperately about and found neither light nor solution. She would have opened her mouth and screamed, long and endlessly, had she been the screaming kind. Instead she rose almost gasping and opened the window, for it seemed as if her heart were stopping.

Abruptly the door opened and Jared came in again, his eyes still intense, burning. "Can't you understand?" he cried, as if there had been no break in their wrangle. "Farming's no sentimental pastime. Those calves—we didn't raise them for pets. Livestock's a commodity here. We sell what's logically best to sell."

But this was still an evasion of the thing that lay between them, separating their spirits like an unbridged moat. For months they had built up a fabric of question and evasion, accusation and anger between them, their life stretched taut between the poles of pain and wrath. The moment had struck again for the real questions to be asked and answered.

Suddenly he cried out desperately, as one accused: "You think I don't know what all your crying's about? But I've explained to you again and again that we can't afford to have children now! We're not fools enough for that. We've got to get our roots down first."

IT was out now; he uncovered the root of trouble, though nothing had been said about children for weeks. Doria's head lifted. Now she could look at him. The dull, amorphous pain-clouds of her misery had been rent apart by the explicit. Her tears stopped, but she did not answer. There was nothing to answer, but the cellar of the subconscious had been opened and something in her knew relief. After a minute Jared went out again to finish the chores.

Doria could think more clearly now, and she was analyzing in strange, still clarity the roots of their many quarrels. The calves—the logically best-blooded stock. The black bull. Yes, the bull—that apple of Jared's eye, the black lowering monster she feared and hated, fount of fertility, for which they had skimped and saved and stayed childless themselves! He was like the root of it all. Suddenly the creature assumed the terrifying dimensions with which her mind had invested it. Gigantic and primordial, he loomed for her like a Minotaur, symbol of the adversity, misery and conflict of her days.

She stood up in her anger, and it was then that she caught the scent, very faint, filling the air of dusk. It was a fragrance permeating everything, wafting through the open window on the lap of the south breeze.

She swung the window wide. A balmy, blossomy breath came into the room, breath of full spring with summer just round the corner. She looked out through a thick softness of air. The low windows were insatiable to the scent and the new strange light in the west, till the room brimmed, the glass panes and the frayed curtains glowed, with brightness and beauty. It was like a signal, subtle but clear, from far outside herself.

The black bull blew windily in the dimness of the barn and churned in his stall—the big box stall that had formerly been occupied by Jared's finest team, but which had been given over for the winter to Tancred. That was the name of the bull, attached to the animal's pedigree, an imposing document that would have stretched the full length of its stall. The bull was a black Angus with the high humped shoulders and swollen neck of its kind, a marvelous expression of leashed might. Not a single light hair marred the perfection of his glossy black hide. That blackness that made him ominous and evil to Doria meant beauty and perfection to Jared. Every powerful line of the great beast's body spelled pride to his owner, the corrugated folds of the brow and face and broad wet nose, the massive swell of neck and shoulder, the polished hoofs, the short insolent tail tufted at the end like a devil's tar-brush, even the threat in the whitely rolling eye watching ever in pride of power and an obsessed wile for the chance to crush a human against the thick oak slabs of the stall.

MASSIVE and slow, the bull swung his head around to watch the man. As Jared slipped warily into the stall with a pan of specially prepared mash that was Tancred's portion tonight, the bull swung a perverse head, upsetting half the pan before it could be set down. Jared backed out, just avoiding the crafty squeeze of the black shifting flank. He stood watching as the animal wastefully tossed and scattered the feed and the great muzzle began rooting for more with a blasting of breath, bunting the pan noisily against the manger boards.

Tonight that waste took on an exaggerated importance to Jared. How many pecks of hard-bought bran had the bull despoiled thus, he wondered. Ever since he had bought the animal there had been a strain upon him and his wife.

Each month they had given up something needed or wanted because of the bull. Somewhere in their strained economy there was total waste.

The loss of the grain was a small thing in itself, but it pointed a finger, for tonight a fear ran through Jared. He was looking at the bull with naked, hard, measuring eyes and wondering why nothing the animal had ever done or brought about for him had kept alive his zeal of ownership. The creature had no liking for him, it was just the fact of its extraordinary existence and the cruel arrogant way it had of driving everything else out of his head that kept his heart on fire. But now it had become a matter of the bull or the land. It had, in fact, become almost a matter of the bull or life, the bull or his marriage to Doria.

As he stood there a dryness came over Jared, the stormy want in his blood grew cold. Tancred's low moaning below, begging for more feed, left him unmoved, but it broke the tension. It broke something else too—the last tether to some bent of boyhood and a long obsession. Disregarding the demands of

• A cynic is one who thinks it is better to have loved and lost than to have loved and won.

—Origin unknown

the animal, Jared put out the lantern and walked forth into the last of the light to think. The weather had definitely changed he saw, and an exquisite fragrance of new bloom came to him down the breeze. Following a strand of the scent, he moved through the warm dark, back into the world he had deserted.

Doria had finished the dishes when Jared came in for the night. He laid a spray of white bloom on the kitchen table.

"The lilacs are out," he said. "I smelled them on the way from the barn. The whole hedge is breaking into bloom."

He dropped into a chair by the window and sat looking out into the deepening dusk.

"That's one thing Upsahl's got to his credit—planting that lilac hedge," he said. "They're fragrant, and more of them this year than ever before."

"It takes a long, hard winter to make lilac bloom, they say," Doria offered.

"Wish Upsahl and his wife would drop round and talk, like they used to."

"Yes. I like to hear his stories of the old days. What they must have gone through, living in that soddy. And Indians all about—"

"Guess those Norskies put up with things nobody else ever could when they settled this country," Jared said. "Guess they've got some profit coming to them." He took off his worn denim coat with a stifled groan and unbuttoned his shirt. "Have we any of that liniment left, Doria? Threw my back out this afternoon. It's fair killing me—like a live coal in there, just below the right shoulder."

"Oh," she cried. "Why didn't you speak of it before?"

"Not much use. The harrowing had to be finished today."

JARED was leaning far forward, head upon his folded arms on the low window sill. His bare back had a fine flare from the shoulders down, muscled more beautifully than is given to most men. She stooped to him with firm sentient fingers, all her thoughts of him carrying wistfulness and repentance. She kneaded until he sighed with relief and sat up. He was thirty-five, but when he could rest, when he relaxed like this, he looked like a very young man.

He put on his shirt and they sat again for a time, looking at the night. Doria looked at her husband; he seemed as changed as the sky and the air. His face had gone serene, almost beautiful, as she remembered it six years before. His voice too was changed. It was the voice she knew, but quiet, purged of its barbs. Between them seemed flowing a healthy, mending tide that was keyed to expansiveness.

"... I've been thinking," Jared was saying. "I'm going to sell the black bull tomorrow, as you suggested."

"Oh, no!" she cried in suppressed delight and shock. But the bull was already gone and had to be; she knew it by the cleared air between them.

"He'll bring more," Jared said. "After all, he's just another bull."

By his statement he had deflated the bull, his former symbol of worth and pedigree, to a mere possession. Woman-like, she found herself arguing now in favor of the bull, but it was merely a prod to Jared's masterfulness. The bull was gone, and all it had meant in their economy, all it had symbolized, and the pride and penury that had constricted their life together were also gone, leaving them as unhampered to face the future as they had been at the beginning!

"Why, the bull will bring half of what Upsahl wants for the land," Jared was ending his case against her. "I wanted to specialize in blooded cattle for awhile, but you can't do everything—one man. And the land's the thing. Things'll be easier then. No use

(Continued on page 77)

Radio and Television

by JOHN LESTER

Christopher Lynch

Every time I've met the fine tenor Christopher Lynch in the past, I have inadvertently insulted the man. Once I introduced him by the similar name of a famous playwright and author. Another time I referred to him as a piano player, and there have been still other occasions. On all of them, however, Lynch was the gentleman and relieved my embarrassment as quickly and easily as he could.

Recent arrangements for his appearance on a radio network show of his own ran into a snag, but when his voice does come over the air we recommend that our readers tune in for a really enjoyable music session.

A native of Ireland, Lynch has one of the finest voices I've ever heard, and one of the purest.

The late John McCormack, when he first heard Lynch sing, prophesied "He is the most likely to succeed me." Lynch later became McCormack's protégé.

Good luck Christopher Lynch and thanks for everything.

"Pay-As-You-See" TV

Although color television has been catching all the headlines, both "Tubeless TV" and "Pay-As-You-See TV" are probably much closer to commercial usage.

The former has been developing under wraps, so successful that not much is known about it at present, nor is it likely much will be learned in the near future. Not until it's ready for the public, anyhow.

"Pay-As-You-See TV," on the other hand, apparently wants to get before the public as much as possible—in a favorable way, of course.

One phase of it, "Telemeter," owned by Paramount Pictures, recently gave a demonstration in Palm Springs, Calif., before a group of newspapermen and film executives.

Christopher Lynch, native of Ireland and possessor of one of the finest and purest tenor voices heard since John McCormack

The demonstration, over-all, was adjudged a success but was not without drawbacks.

Among them was the charge of between \$150 and \$450 for each installation, depending on the location of the home in which the installation is made.

In addition, each resident has to pay \$60 a year wire charge, another \$21.75 for installation of the coin-box attachment, and a guarantee of \$3 a month to "Telemeter" for the minimum program acceptance.

On the credit side, it was significant to hear at the demonstration that every major film company in Hollywood, save one, Twentieth Century-Fox, has contracted to have its pictures shown on "Telemeter."

Those babies are too experienced and shrewd to bother much about any but a pretty sure thing.

It was also both interesting and significant to note that 223 areas in this country are already wired for "Pay-As-You-See TV" (usable by "Telemeter" or either of the other two leading systems, "Skatron" and "Phonevision"), connecting more than 500,000 receivers.

This would seem to bring "Pay-As-You-See" coin-in-the-box TV closer than

most people have suspected up to now. Much, much closer.

The Man Says

There are two sides to this whole "Pay-As-You-See" matter, however, and, on the other side, Gen. David Sarnoff, head of RCA-NBC, doesn't seem to think much of it on a nation-wide basis.

Whether one agrees with Sarnoff or not, he is one of the most respected men in the broadcasting industry and anything he says is worth considering.

"I sincerely believe," said the General (the occasion was a recent industry meeting), "that 'Pay-As-You-See' television on a national basis, or anything comparable to free television as we know it today, will prove to be a snare and a delusion. . . . However, it is conceivable that in certain local communities there may be some 'Pay-As-You-See' programs here and there.

"I have lived through a similar experience in the early days of radio. I remember well when there was a little lull in the radio broadcasting business. That was about 1924 and 1925, before a national radio network had been established.



"Many people thought radio was doomed and that it could not be economically supported. . . . And so there developed a great promotion for what was called 'wired wireless,' a service that was to be given to the public over electric power lines on the basis of a monthly fee.

"Well, the great-great-grandson of that pioneering effort is now called 'Muzak' and I don't suppose it is a threat to or a competition of the national system of radio broadcasting today.

"Therefore, as I see it, 'Pay-As-You-See' television has three aspects—the technical one, which I think could be solved, freedom to look and listen, which I think would be destroyed (under the 'Pay-As-You-See' plan), and the preservation of the present competitive

the only fresh idea to be introduced in telethons since Milton Berle started the whole thing about six years ago.

Why doesn't somebody go a step farther and give the telethon a real overhaul and try another format, I wonder?

Why not an all-star boxing card lasting five or ten hours, with the fight mob organized to spearhead collections in any one of a number of ways?

The fight racket could use a good public relations job these days, and championing a worthy cause is one way to accomplish it.

Why not an all-star wrestling card of like duration and similarly handled?

Wrestling also needs better public relations and this would be a good way to let the public know what mild, really nice guys most wrestlers are.

Why not an all-star sports telethon

thon or a really top-notch Roller Derby?

How about a jazz marathon, a telethon starring the greats of the jazz world, with music continuing non-stop for fifteen or twenty hours or more and with different instrumentalists being featured from time to time on an alternating basis, just as is done in jam sessions all over the country almost every night?

These are merely suggestions in the form of questions, intended to open up the whole idea of the telethon and get it out of the stilted, variety-show type into which it has fallen, in all respect to all the unselfish regulars who've appeared on this type from the beginning.

How about a "Dollarthon," too, where no more and no less than a dollar is acceptable, thus making all donors equal and giving us little fellows a



BRINGING UP FATHER—Judging from this scene, Charles Farrell, who plays the role of Gale Storm's father in "My Little Margie," is being brought up the hard way



HISTORIC TELECAST—Rocky Graziano, shown with Dr. Frank Stanton on CBS, performed as singing boxer on first color TV program following FCC decision



SONGWRITERS—Sid Miller and Donald O'Connor in one of their popular sketches on "The Colgate Comedy Hour." In real life, they write and publish their own songs

system of broadcasting, which I believe would be jeopardized."

Personally, I'll go along with the General: "Pay-As-You-See" TV will find a limited market and, of course, should be allowed to find it, but that's about all.

Tomorrow's Telethon

The telethon, that popular TV dodge for raising money for worthy causes, probably reached a milestone with the recent Dean Martin-Jerry Lewis show for Muscular Dystrophy on ABC-TV.

The boys marshaled the Post Office Department to do their collecting for them and, as a result, the money is still coming in.

It was a clever and a good stunt (the show should have been as good) and

that would present sports greats of the past, present, and future—complete with film clips—who would explain the philosophies and habits of living that have either gained them championships and titles or by which they expect to gain them?

How about a telethon of ten, fifteen, or twenty hours of new and unreleased motion pictures, good ones, of course, interspersed with Walt Disney shorts or some of the classic comics of all times?

How about an all-star, around-the-clock hillbilly or Western show for a good cause?

A show like that might surprise a lot of people as to its potential to attract money.

How about an old-fashioned walka-

chance to feel like big fellows for a change?

The Big Test That Failed

The shocking newspaper strike in New York City put the matter of disseminating the news squarely up to radio and TV and the two just weren't able to do it.

For some reason, this was a surprise to many in both the newspaper and broadcasting professions, but it shouldn't have been.

Precedents have been set in other cities in which the local newspapers have been struck for one reason or another, and the broadcasters have leaped into the news breach.

The answer has always been the same, however, just as it has always been

whenever newspapers and broadcasting have been honestly and fairly compared in the matter of news coverage: The newspapers win it hands down and go- ing away.

Every honest and fair-minded broad- caster knows this.

He knows his station can't begin to give the public the thoroughness of cov- erage, in detail, in permanent record form, that can be given by your favorite newspaper for a nickel or less, not even if he devoted twenty-four hours of ev- ery day entirely to broadcasting news.

By the same token, the broadcaster can get the news to the public (in brief form) quicker than can the press for a hundred mechanical and distribution reasons.

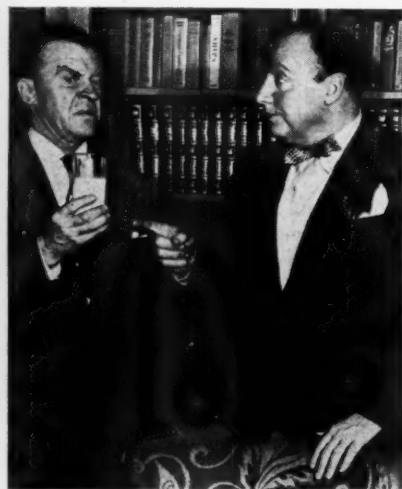
Every honest and fair-minded news- paperman knows this, too, and doesn't

be sent over the air onto theater screens, direct from Los Angeles. No more film, no more shipping prints!" That's what the man said! . . . The price of fame: Vivian Vance, the neigh- bor on the *I Love Lucy* show, bought an evening gown in a Los Angeles de- partment store the other day, explain- ing it was for TV. The salesgirl said, "Honey, I sure hope you get the job!" . . . Film veteran Jimmy Gleason will star as Damon Runyon in *The Damon Runyon Theater*, on which forty epi- sodes are now complete. . . . Roy Rogers and Dale Evans (Mr. and Mrs.) are due for a radio series, too, although I don't know how they'll fit it into their already bulging schedule. . . . Man I know has his television receiver set in the trunk of a huge shade tree on the grounds of his fine old Florida home. You just

Gene Kelly. . . . Jose Iturbi is sung ABC-TV and Paramount Pictures for \$100,000 for telecasting a short in which he appears, without his permission. . . . Overheard: "The other night I got to thinking. You know how it is when your TV set's broken."

The small fry have converted *Dragnet* to their own purposes and now bait their elders by asking how many days in a week. When you bite with "seven", they say: "No, six. 'Friday's' out on a case!" Cute? I think so. . . . Sen. Estes Kefauver due back on TV any day with a report on teen-age dope addic- tion that will have your hair on end. It's expected the report will be at least as big "a show" on TV as the Senator's exposé of gangsterism in this country two years ago. . . . Commentators Lowell Thomas and Henry J. Taylor both re- newed by their sponsors for another year. . . . Loretta Young is building an apartment house in Hollywood with the money she's making on *A Letter To Loretta*, Sundays at 10 P.M., E.S.T. on NBC-TV. . . . Martha Raye's triumphs on television have guaranteed her a profitable return to the record field. She's now "cutting" for Mercury. . . . Spencer Tracy is studying TV assidu- ously and says he'll be ready to make the leap soon. . . . Johnny Roventini, the little "Call For Philip Morris" page- boy, has worn out forty uniforms in his twenty years of service, in case you're interested.

The most popular dentist in New York asks his young patients if they watch or listen to *The Lone Ranger* programs and if they know that the famous Masked Man's gun shoots only silver bullets. Then he tells them that's what he fills teeth with—silver bullets. From then on, nobody moves, nobody complains, nobody utters a sound, and the other neighborhood sprouts hear all about it next day. Ingenious? I think so. . . . The Archdiocese of Bos- ton will build its own TV center. . . . The first Spanish language TV station in this country will be built in San Antonio, Texas, in the near future. FCC authorization is now being sought. . . . The Lily Lodge who plays "Peggy Anderson" on the *This Is Nora Drake* daily drama on CBS radio is daughter to Connecticut's Gov. John Lodge and niece to the UN's Henry Cabot Lodge. . . . Gale (My Little Margie) Storm's square name is Josephine Owaisa Cot- tle. . . . Bing Crosby's radio series has been signed through the summer. . . . Dick Contino, of the old Horace Heidt show, is making good as a corporal in Korea as you read this. . . . Love Jim (*I Married Joan*) Backus' reason for never flying: "I don't fly. I never fly. It's against my religion. I'm a devout coward!"



WHAT IS IT?—Frank Jenks seems suspicious of the contents of the glass he holds as he poses with Alan Mowbray, his co-star on the "Col. Humphrey Flack" series



TWO FOR FUN—Peter Lind Hayes and Mary Healy, husband-wife comedy team, are back on TV for series of guest appearances in prep- aration for their own program

hesitate to admit it. It can't be denied.

Under our great American system of free press and nearly free air, the two complement each other, or, better, let's say, radio complements the press.

Even though they do this, the two are entirely different, really; both do the jobs for which they are best fitted to near-perfection, and neither should feel lack of competence because it is unable to fully perform in lieu of the other.

In Brief

The movie industry is out to give television a real run for the money and has several innovations coming up, all on the sensational side to attract public attention. For one example, and to quote a prominent scientist: "The time is not far distant when all movies will

can't beat American ingenuity, can you?

Clifton Webb says he doesn't do regu- lar television shows "for the same reason that Rembrandt didn't draw comic strips!" Well! . . . Dolores Hope (Mrs. Bob) just did something her comic husband has never been able to do. She sank a hole-in-one! . . . Two Voice of America employees recently chal- lenged each other to a duel during a policy conference. . . . A dollar copy biography of Liberace is due on the market soon. OK, Mother? . . . Edgar Bergen may surprise everyone with a full-hour show on radio. That's what I'd like to have happen. . . . Jack Benny just leased a section of land in Kansas to go into the cattle business, along with Rosalind Russell, Gregory Peck, and



Washington was here

Some stories about George Washington are strictly legendary. Others you can believe. But these are some of the places he made sacred in the nation's traditions

"GEORGE WASHINGTON slept here" is the favorite boast of dozens of tradition-hungry communities all along the Eastern seaboard. But the Father of the American nation did more than merely sleep his way up and down the thirteen colonies during a lifetime that gave direction to one of the boldest experiments in freedom the world has come to cherish. He prayed, worked, fought, and spent a good deal of time in meditative thought as well. And the places that he rendered sacred in the nation's traditions by his presence have rightly become shrines to his memory.

Fredericksburg, where he was born and reared; Mount Vernon, where he became the elegant pre-Revolutionary country squire; Valley Forge, where he bore the brunt of a people's fight for freedom; Yorktown, where he humbly accepted the honorable surrender of the enemy; New York's Sub-Treasury Building, where he accepted the heavy responsibility of the presidency; these places and more are among the spots accepted by Americans as important to the patriotic lore surrounding Washington.

Not all so-called legend about our first president is purely legendary; nor are all the widely accepted stories true. Few are tempted to believe Parson Weem's story about young George's adventure with the apocryphal cherry tree, which is retold to demonstrate his unbending love of truth. But all accept Valley Forge, Mount Vernon, the place of his birth, the site of his burial.

The claim, "George Washington slept here," will probably continue to bring skeptical smiles to experience-wisened oldsters with knowledge of the wiles of publicity-hungry local historians and expressions of open-mouthed awe to credulous school children, but the places that have a genuine claim to fame among the relics of early Americana will go on evoking the love and admiration all Americans feel for the Father of their country.



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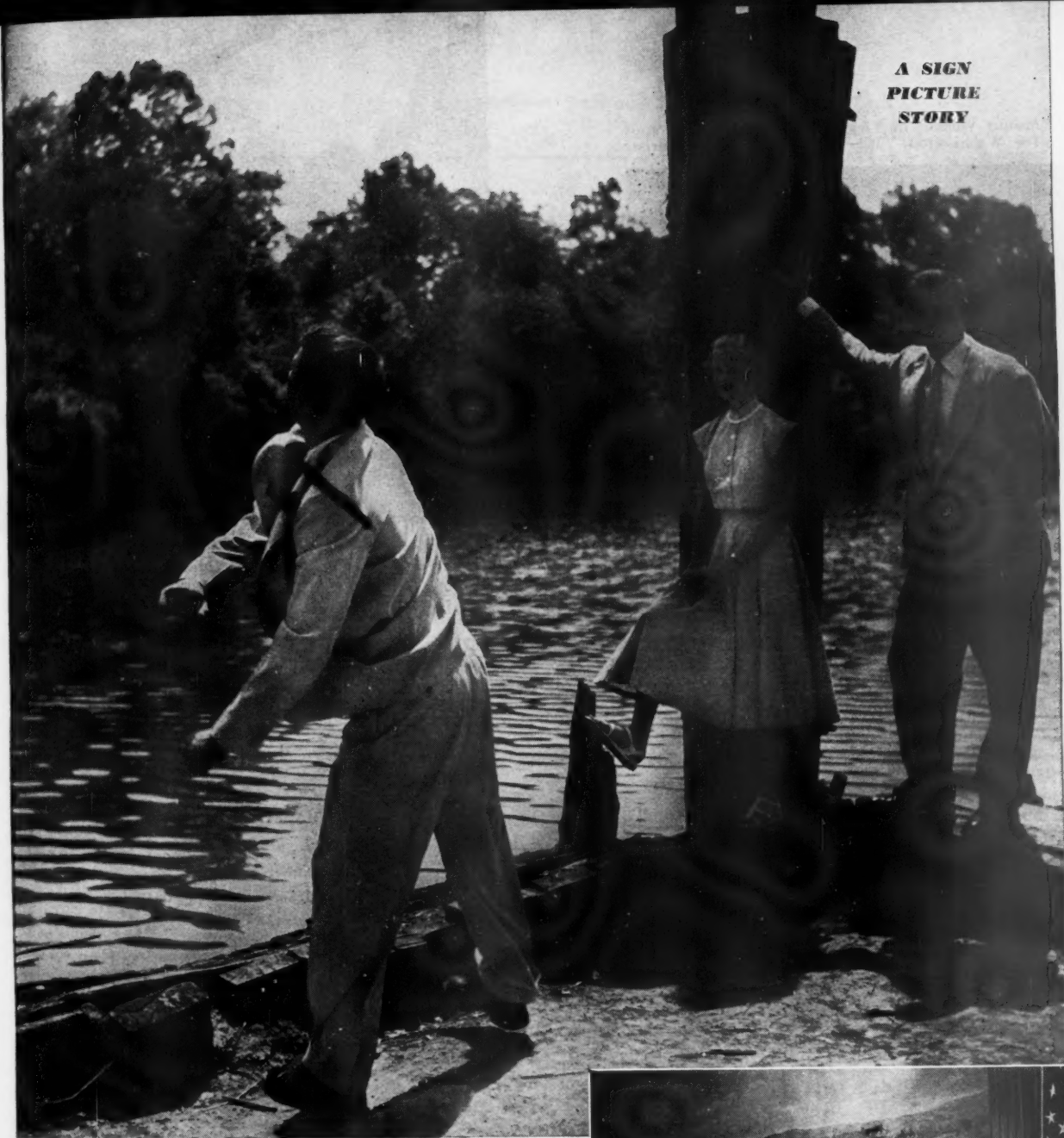
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**A SIGN
PICTURE
STORY**



Evans-Three Lions

ABOVE—Tourists demonstrate throwing ability at spot where legend has it that George Washington tossed dollar across the Rappahannock River. **RIGHT**—New York's historic Fraunces Tavern

UPPER LEFT—Wall Street's Sub-Treasury Building: scene of Washington's inauguration as president on April 30, 1789

MIDDLE LEFT—Valley Forge as it is today. Here, Washington prayed for victory over the British in Revolution

LOWER LEFT—Jumel Mansion in the Bronx, New York, where Washington really did sleep during retreat from advancing British

NEAR LEFT—Ferry farm, where legend about cherry tree originated. Two tilted stumps are said to be remains of tree



Mount Vernon in Virginia was most-slept-at spot for Washington. It's also popular with tourists



In this tomb rests Washington's earthly remains. His wife, Martha, is also interred here

It was at Yorktown that the honorable surrender of General Cornwallis marked the end of the Revolution





The Crowning of Our Lady

by GERALD VANN, O.P.

THE glory of Mary which we celebrate in the last two mysteries of the Rosary is the first and greatest human parallel to the glorifying of her Son in the mystery of the Ascension. There, as we saw, the Victim, offered and "accepted," is glorified (it is His "apotheosis") as the beginning of the glorifying of—the giving of divine life to—humanity as a whole. The glory of Mary is the first-fruits of that other glory; but it is important for us to notice that if she is thus glorified it is because she too has, with her Son, been victim, has made her life a sacrifice, in her turn.

We do not indeed speak of the "passion" of our Lady; we do speak of her compassion. The sacrifice in her case (and this is the important lesson for us) lay simply in the fulfillment of her vocation. She was His mother; she lived her life, therefore, with the one single purpose of helping Him to fulfill His vocation; and at the end she was there to strengthen and sustain, to share the cross with Him, to suffer in her heart all that He was suffering, till all should be consummated.

But then she was given her second vocation, to become the mother of all men; and so her compassion finds always new fields as the history of humanity unfolds. Being a mother, she will never misunderstand, never be shocked, never turn away her wayward and erring children, never be lacking in sympathy (which is the same word as compassion). But this motherhood of men is something which, in a derivative sense, all Christians are meant to share in: for they are true Christians only in so far as, loving God, they also love their brother-men and will to help them whenever help is needed.

What conclusions, then, are we to draw? First, that if we are ever to be worthy of glory in our turn, it will be through living fully and sacrificially our own vocation, whatever it may be. Fully: trying not merely to be techni-

cally good at our job, our life work, whatever it may be, but to make it our particular path to becoming good absolutely: to do the job with honesty, modesty, charity, and so on, and to turn it into our own particular praise of God. Sacrificially: offering our life to God that He may sanctify it; accepting, therefore, its burdens, labors, trials, setbacks, as part of His will for us, and as things which will make us better able to love and help our fellow men, to have compassion for them.

But that last phrase brings us to the second conclusion we should draw. Whatever our work may be, whatever the sort of life we have to live, there is one thing of which we can be certain: we shall never lack opportunities for compassion—not just an emotional sympathy for the distress of others, but a practical, matter-of-fact sharing and helping.

You will have friends and acquaintances who will be constantly in need of help of one kind or another; you will read of countless more, people whom you will never meet, who at least demand the compassion of your

prayers. Whatever else life holds for us, it must have this if we are to fulfill our destiny, to serve God as we ought.

"Suppose," says St. John in his first epistle, "that a man has the worldly goods he needs and sees his brothers go in want; if he steels his heart against his brother, how can we say that the love of God dwells in him?"

And if, as we think over those and similar words, we are filled with shame and something like desperation at the thought of our own lack of charity, what are we to do? Surely we should turn, not in desperation but in humble hope, to the Mother of Compassion that we may be given the gift of compassion. We should pray, "Turn thine eyes of mercy toward us, that we too may learn mercy." And, gathering to ourselves in spirit all those whom we ought to have helped and have not, we should say the words that night and day all over the world call down the unsleeping motherlove and pity of Mary upon the world: "Mother of God, pray for us, sinners, now and at the hour of our death. Amen."

SONG OF ARRIVAL

by RUTH T. MURDOCH

*Watchmen of the City,
Tell me of my Love.
The lonely pomegranates wait—
Distracted is the dove.
I've sought Him down the misty street
And through the sweet sun.
Watchmen of the City,
Have you seen anyone?*

*Take my coat and beat me,
If pain be kin to harm.
The shield of all their wounding
Is on my heart and arm.
I'll sing His song without the gate,
Nor ask that He appear
Good Watchmen of the City,
Tell Him I am here.*

*Communist support is strong in factory towns outside Paris.
A country of small farms, France could be self-sufficient*



Photos from French Embassy Press & Information Division



FRANCE

at Twilight

France has been great in the past. But she cannot call back yesterday; she must face the future. She can be great tomorrow, if she wills to live

by STANLEY KARNOW

At a Paris dinner party not long ago, a Belgian woman reproached her partner, a Frenchman, for the feebleness of France.

"But France is so rich," she said. "The Belgians could have done wonders if they had France."

"Madame," answered her companion, "do you think you could have done better if you had had the French people?"

There you have the real problem. It may indeed be true that, from almost any angle, France shows the symptoms of an unhealthy society. She is a rich country, but she is economically weak; her leaders are wise and experienced, but she is politically unstable; her people represent the finest humanist tradition, yet they struggle through daily life in an environment that sometimes resembles a social jungle.

Her major failing, however, lies perhaps less in any particular sphere than in the general inability of both prominent and ordinary Frenchmen to realize their country's diminished capabilities.

France recovered miraculously from the Prussian defeat in 1870 and, within a generation, was confident and prosperous enough to lend money freely to the Czar of Russia. The glorious, colorful, almost reckless, turn-of-the-century spirit that was able to sweep singing soldiers into World War I is still largely alive. But the body behind that spirit is old, worn, and tired. Like Mistinguett, her aged music-hall dancer, France continues to put up a brave and sympathetic front but fails to hide completely her fatigued foundations.

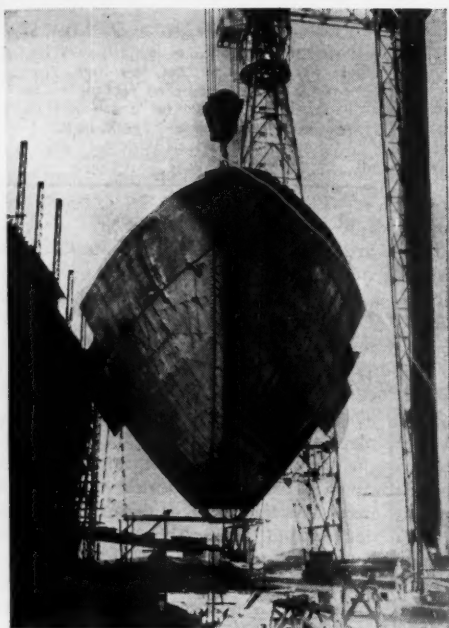
The atmosphere that surrounded General Charles de Gaulle in 1941 is largely typical of France today. His

courage, determination, and refusal to admit defeat was admirable. His estimates of his own importance and strength were appallingly illusory. These days too, the fine words about France's heritage and destiny can be very stirring. But in them is a kind of cockiness that has a way of blurring the hard facts.

It is not uncommon in France to hear official spokesmen congratulating themselves on France's rapid postwar recovery. Factories are busy and production indices—thanks to more than ten billion dollars in American aid—have been increasing steadily.

But it is also true that purchasing power in France has been on the downgrade for years, and, with the exception of Spain and Italy, the country's standard of living is the lowest in Western Europe. The middle class, once the tough backbone of France, is disappearing in all but name. White-collar employees, schoolteachers, civil servants, and some professional people are sharing the economic cellar with factory workers and France's enormous number of service help. At the same time, the wartime black market and postwar inflation have catapulted a good many industrialists, businessmen, and shopkeepers into the ranks of the economic aristocracy.

The extremes are sometimes dramatic. The postmen who started last summer's crippling strikes were earning about \$75 per month. It was only a few weeks later that the Finance Minister's campaign against tax evaders uncovered individuals lolling luxuriously on the



France's postwar production has risen rapidly. But farmers do not go for new-fangled machinery. The result: high food prices



Riviera and spending astronomical sums in pure pleasure. It was enough to move one French politician to observe that "we are in 1788."

France is a wealthy country, but her riches are badly distributed. The *nouveau riche* who is over-indulging himself in the profits of an inflationary period contrasts sharply with the worker who is unable to enjoy the fruits of his own labor. The Salmson automobile manufacturers have no trouble selling their Grand Sport model for \$5,000. The mechanics at the Renault factory travel to work on foot or by bicycle and find it hard to believe that Detroit's auto workers are responsible for that city's having the largest car population in the world.

MUCH of France's economic impotency stems directly from a structure that is old and outmoded and from business leadership that is egotistical, worried, and lacking in confidence.

If food prices in France are among the highest in Europe, it is due to a backwardness in making use of the latest agricultural methods. A country of small farms, France is theoretically self-sufficient. In reality, she imports \$200,000,000 more in foodstuffs each year than she exports. French farmers are reluctant to try new-fangled inventions like chemical fertilizer, yet at the same time, through their strong political representation in the capital, they manage to have themselves well subsidized by the Government. There are fewer agricultural training schools in France than in tiny Holland, but there

are more farms per capita in France today than there were thirty years ago.

French industry, though it can produce business wizards like André Citroën or Marcel Boussac, is similarly wary of change and competition. The French businessman wants security and stability—in nine out of ten cases he wants to play it safe. He is more often concerned with the welfare of his competitors—who are, after all, his colleagues and often close friends—than with his consumers, who are merely an anonymous throng. A textile executive, commenting on business success in the United States, once told an American economist: "Do you mean to tell me that you can respect a man who has become wealthy through the ruin of a dozen or more competitors? Such a man is a menace to society."

This attitude has a pleasant and humane ring to it. But there is simultaneously in that statement of tolerance an unawareness that, for example, by fixing prices to comfort his competitors, the businessman may actually be depriving the general public of its needs.

American advisors in France have for years been pounding away at the necessity for greater production, lower prices, and higher consumption. But French manufacturers are still hesitant. Many of them, in their noncorporate enterprises, are content with their profits and fearful of anything that smells of debt or credit expansion. They also retain bad memories of depression days, and talk of high production often leads them to worrying about overproduction. Automobile makers, for in-

M. Herriot, of National Assembly, is conservative



M. Bidault: offices may change but the political figures remain the same



Daladier and Herriot agree with the Communists in opposing the EDC



Joseph Laniel favors military offensive for Indo-China. His rule is shaky



New Resident-General Pierre Voizard offers tranquillity in Tunisia. But the embers burn



stance, much prefer to have a two-year waiting list for new cars than risk turning out even one more vehicle than the traffic could bear.

The burden of France's tax load is as badly distributed as her wealth. An employer must declare the income of his employees, and salaried folk have little chance of avoiding the tax collector. But the self-employed—farmers, doctors, lawyers, shopkeepers, and industrialists—are as proficient at dodging as a running halfback.

Tackling the tax evader is a tough job. Only one-quarter of France's two million farm families are taxed: of the country's estimated agricultural income, only one-sixth to one-eighth is ever declared. Doctors and lawyers avoid taxes by demanding cash payment (which is never recorded), and France's million shopkeepers get around the law by simply not keeping books and not only avoid income taxes but pocket the sales tax on items sold.

Government inspectors try to measure incomes by observing a suspect's manner of living. The size of his house, the number of his servants, and the horsepower of his car are the "exterior signs of wealth" on which his tax contribution will be based. But though there are plenty of civil servants in France, there aren't enough to make this method an efficient one. The fiscal structure has thus become dependent on indirect taxes on production, services, and transactions. This not only serves to stunt industrial output; it raises the prices of French products both home and abroad, and it parcels out the tax load unequally instead of equitably. The millionaire pays the same tax for his cigarettes as the seamstress.

Communist success in France is, in a general way, directly proportional to the country's economic woes. A recent

poll aimed at discovering why five million Frenchmen vote Communist concluded that Red strength resulted more from protests against existing conditions than a positive desire to see a Kremlin constructed in Paris.

The Communists' support lies principally in the industrial North of France, in the factory towns outside Paris, and in some traditionally radical spots throughout the South. Their influence is exerted mainly in labor circles through the General Confederation of Labor (CGT). But here again, the figures reveal a bread-and-butter radicalism that is, as the worker-priests of the Mission de France have so often insisted, more a quest for social justice than an endorsement of Soviet foreign policy or a blind hatred of the United States. The Communist-led trade union is supported in factory elections by a large majority of French workers, but actual membership is well below two million and, of these, only a few hundred thousand actually belong to the Communist Party.

The doubts about the hard-headed militancy of France's pro-Communist workers, whether real or imaginary, have prompted Cardinals Feltrin, Gerlier, and Liénart to support worker-priests in their effort to draw labor away from Red leadership. This is very much an "advanced experiment" and it is still too early to see any real results. "Come back in fifty years," one mission director said recently, "and you'll see how successful we've been."

In the French National Assembly, the batch of a hundred Communist representatives are sometimes successful in obstructing legislation, but more often their bark is louder than their bite. Like the Soviet delegates at the UN, they speak primarily to put themselves on record rather than to convince anyone. On almost all issues they

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are well isolated from France's other nine parties.

The little power exercised by the Communists in parliament is derived mainly from their perpetual opposition. Whatever the issue, the Government can always expect a hundred Red votes against it. In the complicated arithmetic of the legislature, this reduces the chances of a prime minister's getting the absolute majority of 314 votes necessary for him to maintain "confidence" and assure the stability of his Government.

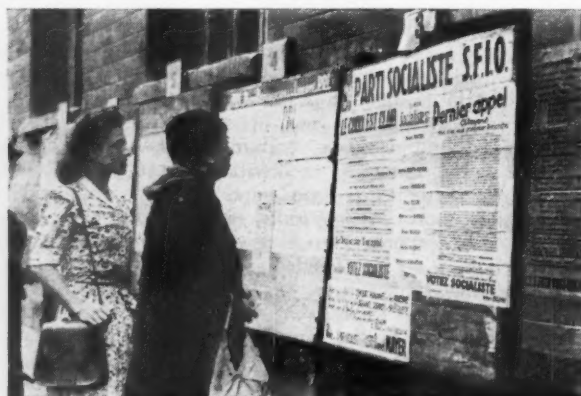
But France, on the whole, is less unstable than newspaper accounts would indicate. Premiers come and go, but the faces remain the same. Robert Schuman, Georges Bidault, Paul Reynaud, Henri Queuille, René Pleven, and others have been in French politics for years and, despite different cabinet formations, will go on for years. Furthermore, France has a firmly entrenched civil service which, despite the crises, keeps the ship of state on an even keel.

The real political instability of France does not come from her frequent changes of government but from the inability of whatever team in charge to grapple with the country's problems.

The problem of the European Defense Community—namely, German rearmament—has the French Parliament tied up in knots. For three years the legislators have been trying to decide what step to take, and it will be some time before any step at all is taken.



Renault's new Fregate at recent show. Mechanics walk or ride bikes. France's riches are badly distributed.



Communist success is proportioned to economic woes. French vote Communist to protest existing conditions.

It is curious that popular opinion in France is far ahead of the National Assembly on this matter. While conservative politicians like Edouard Herriot, Pierre André, and Edouard Daladier are agreeing with Socialists and Communists in their opposition to EDC, some 46 per cent of the population, according to a recent poll, are for an integrated European force and only about 20 per cent are opposed.

Whether the National Assembly will reflect the will of the people remains to be seen. The most convincing argument for the EDC still remains a negative one: if the Germans must have guns, say its supporters, then let them be in an army where we can exercise a fair share of control.

One of the current arguments against the EDC treaty brings up another problem: Indo-China. Despite promised guarantees, many opponents of the combined European force claim that, as long as the cream of the French army is in the Far East, the Germans will easily become a dominant element in any integrated defense community. Beyond the systematic opposition of Communists and neutralists to the European Defense Community, there is a sizeable segment of articulate French opinion dead set against the project until some solution can be reached in Indo-China.

Premier Joseph Laniel's Government has managed to hurdle criticism against its Far Eastern policy, but Indo-China still remains a major issue. War there is frankly unpopular. After six years, the fighting has produced no real results and has served to drain France of her best professional soldiers and a sum of money equal to what she received from the United States under Marshall Aid.

EXCEPT for a bright period with Marshal de Lattre de Tassigny, the military situation in Indo-China has been static and uneventful. Politically, France has failed to make any progress because she has lacked a policy.

Today, just as the United States is offering to increase aid to continue the war against the Communist-led Viet Minh, the French are openly hoping for a peaceful settlement of the conflict without quite knowing how it can be achieved. Foreign Minister Georges Bidault, supported by Premier Laniel, advocates a successful military offensive so that "negotiations can be carried on from a position of strength." Vice-Premier Paul Reynaud is for an immediate five-power conference with Communist China included and claims that, in exchange for recognition and a seat in the UN, the Chinese Reds will agree to stop supplying the Viet Minh

and so bring the war to an early end.

If the situation weren't complicated enough, Viet Nam nationalists are currently raising their voices to criticize France with the same fervor they are criticizing the Communists. Many a Frenchman is beginning to wonder if he isn't sacrificing to the limit to save a people who don't want to be saved. Here, as in other realms, the martial music and heroic newsreel films tend to blur the hard and tragic fact that, whatever happens in Indo-China, the cost to France will have been enormous.



Grand Tour

►His wife had finally convinced the big executive that a tour of Europe would improve his social standing. He took a plane across the Atlantic and, upon his arrival in Paris, hired a limousine and chauffeur and a guide and started off on a tour of the continent.

Shortly after the start of the journey, the guide ordered the chauffeur to stop the car on the top of a hill from which all the surrounding countryside could be seen.

"From this point one can see the distant spires of Paris," he told the tourist.

"You can skip the details," said the Very Important Person brusquely. "Just give me the names of the countries."

—John R. Kelly

France's problems in North Africa could, if the Government in Paris is not careful, degenerate into the same crisis presented by Indo-China. Native nationalists often take allies among the Communists when they meet stiff resistance to their independence movements. While the French colonist in Morocco and Tunisia has a real stake in these regions and has done more than his share in their modern development, France cannot afford to ignore the pleas of moderate factions for greater freedom.

The replacement in Morocco last summer of Sultan Sidi Mohammed ben Youssef by a pro-French ruler has brought calm to the protectorate. In Tunisia, the new Resident-General Pierre Voizard has reported an atmosphere that promises tranquillity. But in both places the embers of nationalism are still warm, and unless the French come across with real reforms—increased educational facilities, free elections, and greater participation of natives in their own administration—there may be serious flames of revolt.

FRANCE'S continual involvement in problems bigger than herself leads one to think she has an uncanny predilection for self-destruction. In fact, the pile-up of difficulties is the symptom of a declining country. More disastrous, however, is the failure of most Frenchmen to recognize this decline.

A large part of France's self-confidence comes undoubtedly from the knowledge that no Atlantic Community could possibly exist without her. Though Sir Winston Churchill may warn about the unilateral rearmament of Germany, and voices in Washington may urge greater dependence on Spain, anyone acquainted with Western Europe must admit that France lies in a key position. For better or for worse, France is with us. If she continues to be weak, she must continue to be bolstered. If she is able to strengthen herself, so much the better.

Certainly, a readjustment of her own internal set-up is in order. The anti-social attitudes evident in the refusal, for example, of so many of her citizens to pay taxes must change. The faith of her businessmen in their own economy must be restored, and the confidence of her working class in their national leaders must be constructed from the ground up.

In foreign affairs, France needs outside help. Great Britain, through stronger guarantees against the revival of German aggressiveness and a closer association with European schemes, could contribute immeasurably to diminishing France's natural reluctance to relinquish a bit of her national sovereignty to the European Defense Community.

Despite the fanfare and speeches, France is no longer a first-rate nation. But whatever her rank and her capabilities, she is an essential part of the Western orbit. Her friends are still busily trying to diagnose her illness, and, sometimes haphazardly, applying remedies. The French themselves, however, must develop a greater will to live.

A renaissance of France will certainly be difficult. But it is not impossible.

The Sign's **People** of the month



Leaving AFL Building in Washington

● **HARRY W. FLANNERY**, editor and radio commentator for the American Federation of Labor, is a man with an unusual grasp of the implications which the teachings of the Church have for our times. Since graduating from Notre Dame University in 1923, he has spent much of his time studying, teaching, and living the principles expressed in the social encyclicals of recent Popes.

An intense man of 53 years, Flannery's efforts to spread the social teaching of the Church have included: helping to organize the Leo XIII School of Social Action in Los Angeles, working with the Bishops' Committee on the Papal Principles for Peace, serving as vice president for the Catholic Association for International Peace, and using his ideals as a background for reporting the news. He has been at various times foreign correspondent for the Columbia Broadcasting System, author of *Assignment to Berlin*, and frequent contributor to magazines. He now edits the weekly *AFL News-Reporter*.

A Knight of Columbus, Flannery declares: "The Church may be a minority in the world, but she should be a leader nonetheless. The Communists often shame us by the zeal they show for a false, illogical creed. They have a flickering candle; we have the sun. We should let the world know the difference."

Labor Editor Flannery becomes radio commentator Flannery on AFL's nationwide radio series, "As We See It"

Photos by Sam Shere





Gemma d'Auria, Los Angeles sculptress, completes bust of Madonna and Child amid gallery of other completed works

● IF there were such a person as the ideal "Whole Man," Gemma d'Auria Houston of Los Angeles would probably be a leading candidate for the opposite title—"Whole Woman." An artist with a mystical bent, Gemma has been many things to many people: wife, mother, grandmother, painter, poetess, sculptress, and scientist. For all this, she thanks her scientist-inventor father, Luigi d'Auria, "for having shaped my nature so that I would be as sensitive, honest, and courageous as possible."

A member of the Catholic Poetry Society, the Southwest Archeological Association, the American Association for the Advancement of Science, and the Southwestern Anthropological Association, Gemma's interest in both Catholicism and science are reflected in her poetry and her art. "Since most people suffer from a sense of insecurity today," she remarks, "I attempt to provide in my sculpture a tangible expression of love through which they can regain, or find, the warm, cherished feeling of being children of God. In poetry, I try largely to show the oneness of God's truth as expressed through scientific and moral symbols."

A convert to the Church, Gemma first became interested in Catholicism when studying metaphysics and mysticism with a Vedanta teacher. ("Almost all the teaching was according to St. Thomas and all the mystics were Catholic, so I started wondering about the Church.") To Catholics interested in making converts, Gemma suggests that "it is much better to befriend a non-Catholic than to win a theological argument. People come to the Church more quickly because they feel our love for them than because of our urging."

Gemma's "St. Francis of the City Street"





Danny's family: From left to right: Tony; Danny's wife, Rose Marie; Margaret, Danny, and Theresa

Photo by Graybill, Warner Bros.



Steadfast Star

Danny Thomas and Saint Jude swapped favors.
St. Jude got a hospital. Danny got a vital
radio contract instead of a job as grocery clerk.
The radio stint made Danny

by JOSEPH A. RYAN, JR.

"WHEN you eliminate the impossible, whatever remains, however improbable, must be the truth."

Danny Thomas, today one of America's most beloved and versatile comedians, may never have read these words, but his career is an affirmation of their logic.

Danny's initial journey into the realm of theatrical entertainment was detoured onto the impervious byway of the impossible and the hopeless. How the obstruction was eliminated and the main road to success opened is an inspiring tale of faith and devotion.

Amos Jacobs (Danny's real name) was born in Toledo, Ohio, the son of parents who emigrated from Mount Lebanon in Syria. The Jacobs family was large—nine boys and a girl—and the going became more than difficult in those early years. But what was lacking in worldly blessings, the family compensated for in a strong belief in their Maronite Catholic religion.

"When there was little support from the goods of the world," Danny reflected, "there was always the strength of our faith, which we learned first from our mother. When we got older

we learned it for ourselves, as she did, through the Church."

The charm and excitement of show business touched Amos Jacobs long before he reached his teens. When he was ten years old, he and his brother Ray, who was twelve, started hawking candy and ice cream in the Empire Theater in Toledo on Sunday afternoons.

THIS venture got Amos into hot water with his teacher at St. Francis de Sales school because it took him away from his Sunday School classes. But it was also responsible for his first role before the footlights.

"Sister Mary Elizabeth knew the situation at home," Danny recalled, "and knew that it was necessary to get work whenever and wherever we could. She also knew that the Empire Theater was a burlesque house and, I think, considered it a bad influence on my brother and me. So in order to give our theatrical fancies an assist, she got us interested in school plays. It turned out pretty well too, at least for me. I was given a

principal part, my first, in a play put on by the city's Catholic schools."

When Amos graduated from high school, he and his brother Ray started in as a semiprofessional song and dance team playing some of the lesser-known cafes around Detroit. But the brother act broke up when Ray got married a few years later. The somnolent-eyed Syrian was now on his own, commuting between an occasional radio spot and one-night stands in a roadhouse.

It was 1939 and the future held little promise for the struggling comedian. He was married to Rose Marie Mantell—a singer he had met on a radio show in which they both had worked without pay—and the father of a baby girl.

Amos was airing his comic arias in the choking atmosphere of one of Detroit's lower bracket bistros at thirty-five dollars a week.

Remembering the surroundings in which he labored, Danny would quip: "I knew the waiters were cheating, so when I'd see three people seated at a table ordering three different kinds of Scotch, I'd casually amble over and praise the prowess of the waiter who could pour three different brands from the same bottle. Seeing this, the owner would come racing over with three bottles in tow to prove his honesty—and he not only got honest but wealthy. The customers came back when they knew the drinks were good."

It was a tough job to support a wife, a child, and a wardrobe on thirty-five dollars a week. So Amos asked the boss for a ten dollar raise. The startled over-

lord replied, "I think maybe you should get out of show business and open a grocery store or somethin'. You're a nice kid, but no entertainer."

But the kid didn't give up—then. He was offered a spot on a radio show in Chicago at the same salary. Leaving his wife and baby with his parents in Toledo, he struck out for the big city.

It was too big. It scared him so much that he was on the verge of returning posthaste to Toledo. But he decided to give it a bit more thought before desperation defeated him.

At the moment of decision he was standing in front of a little chapel. He had been taught by his parents the value of prayer, especially when the pressure was on. He went in and knelt down. It was then he noticed that it was a sanctuary dedicated to St. Jude Thaddeus, patron saint of hopeless and desperate cases.

"Well, I figured, if ever there was a hopeless case, I was it. I certainly came to the right place. So I made a vow there and then that, if I succeeded in attaining any kind of success, I would perpetuate the name of St. Jude Thaddeus."

Amos Jacobs stayed in Chicago. Less than twenty-four hours after his request for divine intercession, he was offered a job doing a radio commercial at fifty dollars per week.

He then got an agent who succeeded in lining up a weekend job at the 5100 Club as a master of ceremonies with a comic line of chatter. Amos Jacobs now became Danny Thomas, taking the first names, Danny and Thomas, of two of his eight brothers.

JOSEPH A. RYAN, JR., graduate of Boston College, with a B.S. degree in English, is an editorial staff member of *The Pilot*, publication of the Archdiocese of Boston. He also contributes to N.C.W.C. News Service.

The response to the comedian's cavorting was so tremendous that the boss decided to feature Danny seven days a week. What began as a weekend stand skyrocketed into a three-year run at the 5100 Club and national recognition as a talented practitioner of the "plaisanterie."

From then on Danny Thomas and success maintained their relationship on a "going steady" basis.

Nightclubs, radio, motion pictures, television—the performer with the proboscised profile ("If you're going to have a nose," he asserts, "have one. I don't see how you people can go around breathing through those perforated warts") was famous, but not forgetful. He remembered Amos Jacobs, the hopeless case, and he remembered the promise he made that evening in the chapel.

He launched a million dollar drive to build a shrine to St. Jude Thaddeus—a hospital for underprivileged children, hopeless cases and helpless people of all faiths. The fund is under the direction of the man Danny once served as altar boy, Samuel Cardinal Stritch of Chicago.

To raise the money for this charitable enterprise, Danny and his brother Paul and committee members of the St. Jude Hospital Foundation are producing shows in major cities throughout the United States.

ONE of these shows played in Boston Garden to a packed house. The performance was a profound tribute not only to what Danny Thomas believed in but also to the show-people's belief in Danny Thomas. Never before in the history of the entertainment world had such an array of talent rallied around one man. Jackie Gleason, Perry Como, Patti Paige, Don Cornell, Eddie Fisher, Vaughn Monroe, Helen Forrest, 'Red' Buttons, Zero Mostel, and a host of other entertainers from the Boston area, representing every race, color and creed, did their bit for Danny Thomas and the St. Jude Hospital Foundation.

That hospital, incidentally, will have a small chapel wherein a prayer written by its benefactor will be inscribed:

"This is a shrine dedicated to St. Jude Thaddeus, where men may honor God, where the poor, the meek, the humble, the helpless, the sinful, and the hopeless may come to pray for physical, spiritual, and mental aid. For I was one of these, and he heard me."



Danny and Peggy Lee in a scene from The Jazz Singer

THE Brooklyn Robins had completed a week of spring training in Jacksonville, Fla. ("Robins" was an alias used by the Dodgers in the curious and wondrous days when they were managed, if that is the word, by Uncle Wilbert Robinson of sainted memory.) A rookie was writing a letter, his lips moving as he spelled out the words.

"Say," he asked aloud, "what town is this?"

His roommate stared.

"You mean you been in this town a week and you don't know its name? Better not leave Robbie hear you say nothing like that."

"Who's Robbie?" the rookie asked.

Late this month about 600 young men will leave off driving trucks or selling men's haberdashery or loafing in the hometown poolroom, and repair to sixteen major-league training camps in Florida, Arizona, and California. Some won't know for sure what town they're in, and for some it won't matter because they'll be back in Ponca City, Okla., soon enough anyhow.

They will assemble in steamy locker rooms smelling pleasantly of liniment, neatsfoot oil, and male animals, and listen with more or less attention while the manager tells them that by clean living, hard work, and strict obedience to the manager they can win the pennant by ten games and never mind what their meatheaded reporters write.

Inasmuch as there will be sixteen managers saying precisely the same thing and only two can be correct, the attention of the blasé may wander. But at least four speakers will hold their audiences, because the players will be listening sharply to discover what manner of man this is who will be ordering their lives for the next seven months.

Three of the four are new as managers in the big leagues and one is an old manager with a new ball club. They are, left to right, Walter Alston of the Dodgers; Eddie Joost of the Athletics; Birdie Tebbetts of the Redlegs, and Jimmy Dykes of the Baltimore Orioles. As the season develops, so will these men, for better or for worse.

Without recourse to the records, which is an unrewarding exercise leading only to accuracy, it is difficult to recall another year when there were as many as three debutantes among the big league wonder-workers. When he introduced Alston as successor to Charley Dressen, Walter O'Malley, president of the Dodgers, remarked that for years a tight little company of licensed geniuses had been playing musical chairs in the majors. No harm would be done, thought he, by opening up a new can of brains.

Suiting his action to his words, the Dodgers' boss came up with a man who

has witnessed fewer games in the big leagues than the average fourteen-year-old in New York, Chicago, or St. Louis.

This has, of course, no bearing whatever on Walter Alston's qualifications for his new job. He is a tall, grave, thoughtful-seeming grandfather of forty-two with thin hair and a solid reputation in the minors. He is a reformed first baseman whose major-league record as a player reads as follows:

Games	At Bat	Hits	Runs	2b	3b	HR	RBI	Ave.
1	1	0	0	0	0	0	0	.000

Alston amassed this record in 1936 batting for the Cardinals against (or, if you prefer, with) the Cubs' Lon Warneke. Subsequently Branch Rickey, who considers the brain mightier than the bat, made him a playing manager in the Cardinals' minor league chain. Ten

ing the majors for the first time away back in 1936, he returned to the minors three times before finding his niche eleven years later.

His niche, it turned out, was at shortstop with the Athletics. Not only did he tie the Philadelphia infield together, he also set what must be a special sort of record for hitting with runners in scoring position.

Joost's predecessor, James Joseph Dykes, is a round, bald gentleman with no especial gift for silence. Fired by Philadelphia and hired by the Orioles, he is quite possibly the most noteworthy arrival in Baltimore since the Chincoteague oyster.

Mr. Dykes played for the Athletics and then the White Sox. He managed



by RED SMITH

years ago, Alston moved into the Brooklyn organization, where he has been almost uniformly successful from Nashua, N. H., to Montreal.

He is personally acquainted with most of the Brooklyn players, having handled more than half of them during their apprenticeship in the minors. Unfamiliarity with the opposition might be a handicap for some but Alston's catcher, Roy Campanella, knows more about the strength and weakness of National League batsmen than the batsmen do themselves, so the manager knows where he can get advice.

Alston also has command of more good players than any other manager in the National League, possibly more than any other in baseball. Chances are his team will win the pennant.

EDDIE Joost is distinguished as the only manager in the majors who has never managed a team in any circumstances. He succeeds the popular Jimmy Dykes in Philadelphia and in addition to thinking for the Athletics he is expected to help out with the chores at shortstop. Undoubtedly his employers enjoy the prospect of having two jobs done for one salary, but to suggest that is to cheapen Joost, and there is no such disposition here.

Joost is an able and agreeable gentleman of thirty-seven, a first-rate infielder and an exceptional competitor. Reach-

ing the White Sox and then the Athletics. He broke into organized baseball in Gettysburg but it is not true that he marched into that village arm in arm with Gen. George Edward Pickett. Actually, Mr. Dykes did not arrive until 1917, and it is astonishing how much he has learned in thirty-six short years.

He has learned, for example, the peril of making sweeping generalizations. He made one of these during his tenure with the White Sox. He told his players there was never any excuse, could not possibly be any justification, for a base runner who allowed the pitcher to pick him off second base.

"First base, yes," Mr. Dykes said. "Third base, maybe. But when you're on second, with the whole play right smack in front of you, you can't possibly get picked off if you've got one brain cell working. Anybody on this club gets picked off second base, he pays an automatic \$50 fine."

That afternoon Mr. Dykes put himself into the game and somehow reached second base. "Now," he was thinking, because he was also the manager, "if this next guy gets on should I send in a hitter for Lyons or call for a bunt and—" He had wandered off the bag as he mused, and his thoughts were interrupted by the small smack of a thrown ball plopping into a glove behind him.

It was a frightfully long walk back to the bench. Arriving there, he halted

and invited comment. "All right, you guys," he said, "got something to say?" There was no answer. "Speak up," he urged. "Say anything that's on your minds. I won't holler. I got it coming to me." There was only silence.

"It was real nice of those guys to keep quiet this afternoon," Jimmy said that night to Mule Haas, one of his coaches. "They had me over a barrel and could have worked on me good."

"They had nothing left to say," Haas told him. "They said it all while you were walking in from second."

Mr. Dykes took this philosophically. He is a wonderful guy. He has a terrible ball club.

GEORGE Robert Tebbetts, called Birdie, is the only retreaded catcher among the managerial novices. (Catchers are popularly considered the most likely to succeed as managers, it being a baseball theory that man thinks best from a squat.) Birdie, an active thinker, employed his gray matter toward achieving a Bachelor of Philosophy degree at Providence College.

In the course of his education, languages were not neglected. Not English, anyhow. Like Mr. Dykes, he is not a man to grunt at you in monosyllables. Mention to him, for instance, his friend Dick Wakefield.

"One of the nicest guys I ever knew," he will say. "When Dick came out of college and joined the Tigers, his mother wrote asking me to keep an eye on her boy."

"Well, we moved around, and then in the spring of 1952 I was with Cleveland and we were touring home from training camp with the Giants. Dick was trying out for a job with New York. I happened to be catching the first time he came to bat. We were leading, 1 to 0, with two out in the ninth.

"There was a kid pitching for us and I knew the score on him. I knew he was going back to the minors for seasoning, so whatever happened to him that day wouldn't matter. I called for a pitch I thought Wakefield would like and he hit it on a line to left center for two bases. The next batter popped up and we had the ball game.

"Herman Frank, who was coach at third for the Giants, said to me, 'You took real good care of your boy.'

"I said, 'What was the pitch? Did it have something on it?' He said, 'Yes, it had pretty good stuff.' I said, 'The next pitch was the same thing, wasn't it? The one that next batter popped up for the last out?' He agreed, and I told him, 'I wouldn't groove one for my own mother in a ball game.' I didn't mention Wakefield's mother."

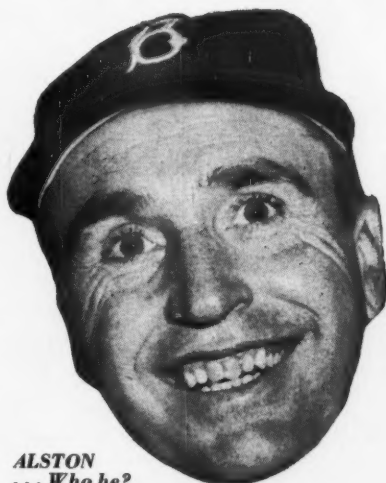
This is the new manager in Cincinnati.



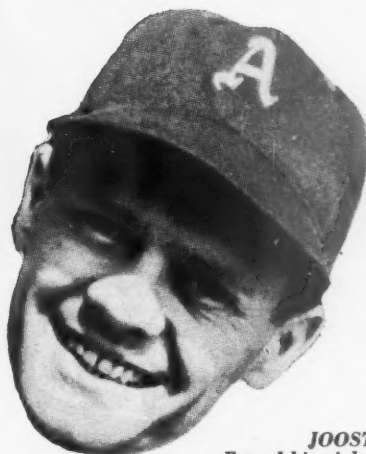
DRESSEN
... Who, me?



O'MALLEY
... New can of brains



ALSTON
... Who he?



JOOST
... Found his niche



DYKES
... Only silence



TEBBETTS
... He loves mothers

They ran away



The world saw the romance between the
Senator's son and the book peddler's daughter as a
love story that ended in scandal. But
Dr. Hutchins decided it was the other way round

by **BRASSIL FITZGERALD**

ILLUSTRATED BY HARVEY KIDDER

MAY Calley? Yes, yes indeed, and as if it were yesterday. With the passing years and yearbooks, one remembers with pleasure the brilliant students—and occasionally a bad one is hard to forget.

May Jensen Calley. She was a sophomore in my English II section: that's the second semester of freshman English. As I did that first day—I can see her now—her cropped curls of bright copper in the rear of the room, where the athletes sit and the dreamers.

At roll call that first morning, with a quick, firm "Here," she answered her name. Then, unabashed, she pronounced it herself, correcting my accent and soft "a." "It's Calley, Sir" she said "a as in Al." A clear cheerful young voice that seemed to me to hide something—a wistfulness or faint defiance? I could not be sure, nor indeed be bothered. She was to me just another coed, another name to list in my gradebook. In my office after class I wrote: "Calley, May Jensen." Unusual, that last name, I thought. French-Canadian possibly and illiterate for Calais; and thought no more of it, nor in truth of her, for a week or more—until one night on the campus.

I know now that it started, the trouble began, that night in the windy dark by the library. There was a threat, a feel, of snow in the cold gusty wind that snatched at my hat, as I emerged from the bright warmth of Paxton Hall. I set out for home briskly, with lowered head, and one hand securing my hat—in my mind, with young Shelley, invoking the wind. "Thou from whose unseen presence the leaves dead are driven—" I quoted no more. Assailed.

From the black of the firs that sheltered the library annex, someone precipitately rounding the corner rushed, leaped one might say, to my arms. For a startled second, instinctively I held on, steadying us both, confusedly aware of a pressure of books and—a pressure not books; some coed I realized. And then, before I could catch my breath and release her, "Oh, professor," the girl uttered; then in the stillness between gusts of wind, distinctly I heard it, an

unabashed, a laughing whisper, "I like you too," she said. To me! The impertinent, flirtatious, young baggage.

Hastily releasing, retreating, and peering in the dimness, I recognized that Calley girl—in the passing light from a car in the drive, a sturdy slim youngster, and above her clutched books a wide and undisturbed grin.

To mitigate the awkwardness, my own at least, I admonished her, quoting crossly, "Wisely and slow—they stumble that run fast"; purely from habit I added. "Who said that, and in what work?" To my surprise, I confess, with confident ease she answered at once, "Friar Laurence in *Romeo and Juliet*," and sadly, I thought, "Dad used to read it." I could have imagined that sadness, for she went on with brisk cheerfulness, "I've been meaning to see you, Dr. Hutchins. I'm on probation this term, and Pusey says ask you what I should do to improve my grade."

Annoyed by the rudeness of that "Pusey," "Try studying," I said, "that often helps." And would have passed on, had she not barred the way, asking with earnest hopefulness, "My long theme? Isn't it better? Honest, I worked hard on it."

"I have not read it," I said, and, drily, "The English II themes I reserve for weekends—when I'm thoroughly rested and fully prepared for them."

I WAS about to say more, a word of judicious encouragement, when quick strides came up with Tom Pierce's voice, at once assured and friendly. He stood tall beside us, a restless lad and reputed unstable, but brilliant, the best of my seniors. "Dr. Hutchins? I've been tracking you down, sir, with another draft of my story. I thought maybe you'd—" Then becoming aware of the girl, with quick courtesy he ended. "But there's no hurry. Excuse me for intruding."

"Not at all," I said briskly. "No time like the present, nor place like my study. Goodnight." I said, dismissing the girl, and kindly, "I'll have your theme for you on Monday."

Whereupon there occurred a second

I felt a vague apprehension, tinged with annoyance



awkwardness, a minor mischance, though inexplicable. For although, when colliding with me, the girl had held fast to her books, now, without rhyme or reason, she dropped them; and with murmured distress knelt seeking them on the walk. Pierce came to her aid, of course. In the brief flare of his cigarette lighter, I glimpsed their heads close; then in the darkness heard their muttering and, utterly unreasoned, a sound of low giggling.

When they stood with the books, without premeditation preserving the amenities, "Miss Calley," I said, "this is Mr. Pierce, of the senior class and a major in English." And to Tom, "Miss Calley is—almost a sophomore."

"Hi," she said softly.

"Hello," he answered. And with, I thought, excessive gallantry, "Too many books for one small soph. I guess I'd better drive you home."

As I watched them depart, two shapes that made one as they moved into darkness, I felt—troubled is too strong a word—a vague apprehension, tinged with annoyance. Such a clumsy gesture to drop those books. Perhaps not, I decided and hastened home, chilled by the wind that whispered of storm. Thanks to proper precaution, stirred in hot lemonade, I escaped a cold.

THE weather changed in the night, and I woke to snow brightness and my radiator gurgling; I lay relaxing to Saturday's freedom, drowsily planning to finish my essay on Anthony Trollope. No need for indecent haste, I told myself, and was still drinking coffee when the mailman came at eleven.

There were two letters; one important, an official communication from the president's office, notifying me formally of my appointment to the faculty committee for social groups, an assignment much desired by ambitious faculty members. And Prexy, with pleasing informality, had himself penned on the margin, "I'm counting on you, old man," with his initials, "R.S." An able executive, our President Stratton; keen judge of character.

The second letter was but a note from Ella Pusey, a gay reminder of her Sunday breakfasts—crumpets and coffee and conversation. I would think about that, though it might be fun. Ella Pusey was our dean of women, an attractive girl, and very friendly. An enigma rather, for in her mid-thirties a competent athlete, playing tennis and coaching field hockey; a seeming extrovert, alert and ambitious; she was in secret a poet, groping for beauty, or something, in sonnets esoteric and modern; several of which I understood, and one or two of which I trusted I didn't. I must ask Ella, I thought, about this May Calley,



The hands of the station clock crept minute by minute

which reminded me of the child's long theme, and dutifully I got the thing out and my red-ink pen.

"Childhood Memories" by May J. Calley; with a sigh of boredom I settled to share them. She wrote of a Mormon village and ranch, omitting no cliché: "No place like home; parents poor but honest; majestic mountains; and a lonely child dreaming where cottonwoods whispered to a murmuring stream." Yet as I read I grew interested, for as she wrote of her parents the spelling grew worse and the words her own. Her father, she remembered, remembered strangely. An odd character, her father, and she wrote of him, I began to suspect, remembering more than she wrote.

A mysterious figure, a man from nowhere who had appeared selling books from door to door—*Wonders of Science* and that sort of thing. He had joined the Mormons to marry her mother. A backsliding Mormon as time went on, smoking in public and baiting the elders, periodically going off by himself to Salt Lake, returning red-eyed and sullen.

One glimpsed the girl's mother through long empty evenings, reading the "Book," her lips moving silently in the white glare of an acetylene lamp. Yet the girl's dearest memories were of that father.

Days she remembered, alone with him in the hills, the cold goodness of canyon water, the smell of his pipe in the sun-drenched noon, while he talked of strange cities and gentiles and their books. The Tabard Inn, the boy who dreamed by the Avon at Stratford, a

Florentine exile, and mad Jack Byron. Where he had learned such things he never said, nor would he speak of his people. But once, driving home in the pickup truck through the long afternoon shadows, he had mentioned that his mother's name had been Mary; then the village dogs were barking as they neared the village and, his mood changing, he had made cruel fun of The Temple and the Angel Moroni.

The theme ended abruptly, unfinished. Her father had died alone in Salt Lake in the Mormon hospital. Afterward, in his bureau in a cigar box, with a lapsed insurance policy and the payment receipts for the pickup truck, there had been a sealed envelope addressed to his daughter. In the envelope an odd bit of jewelry, a small gold cross. That was all. No message. "I'll always keep it," May Calley ended her paper.

B minus I marked it and wrote in the margin, "Your father's exile from Florence wrote once this line: 'Indecent haste that mars the dignity of every human act.' Of this your paper reminds me. See corrections of sp. and gr." That chore done, I was getting out my Trollope manuscript when the doorbell rang—Tom Pierce with his story for me to read.

Brewing fresh coffee in the kitchen, I found myself wondering if President Stratton realized how much time I was giving to young Pierce, and with what success. For Tom had quit Stanford to enlist in the army, and after his service had drifted, maladjusted and idling, and at odds with his father, who

had married again and had a new family. Yet here at Intermountain, under my tutelage, he was leading his classes and preparing for graduate work in my field. It did not matter to me, but I wondered if it did to Prexy, that his father was T. Warren Pierce of the Pierce chain of banks and the United States Senate.

Putting such thoughts away, I welcomed Tom for himself alone, and we worked on his story for a happy hour, a good meeting of minds. That done, casually he spoiled my day, dismayed me with the news that now he had decided to prepare for teaching by doing graduate work in education at Columbia.

Graduate work in Education! "Graduate nonsense," I told him bluntly, knowing well who'd got at him, seduced him. Chester Durgin, our professor and chairman of Education, Ed.D., or whatever they call it. A pretentious pedagogue, this Durgin, and typical. These schools and departments of Education, scheming now to take over our universities, as they have long since our schools—glib saboteurs of true culture! And I'll say so, too, at faculty meeting.

Meanwhile, to young Tom I said merely and mildly, "And does this meet with your father's approval? What will he say?"

Tom's lift of shoulder was undisturbed and indifferent. "He'll dictate a note to his secretary. Keep within my allowance and keep out of the papers, that's all the Senator wants of me."

"What do you want of yourself, Tom?" I asked quietly; and, when he did not answer, I said with gentle sternness, "I'm afraid this new enthusiasm of yours for a new field of studies is symptomatic. You're just drifting, my boy, getting nowhere."

"Is anyone?" he asked moodily, and, crushing out his cigarette in my copper tray from the Harvard Co-op. "For that matter, prof, is there anywhere to go? Except," he said, answering himself with smiling flippancy, "to the Sigma house for beer with the brothers, and draw poker."

BEFORE I could arrange my thoughts to speak of sweetness and light, he was gone. Alone again in my book-lined stillness, I felt curiously depressed; my study empty and myself empty, a corrector of themes that were better not written.

I did not see the boy again until the night of the Sigma and the Kappa winter formals, which I dutifully chaperoned with Ella Pusey. I thought Ella attractive in festive attire of classic simplicity, flowing white to Grecian sandals and bare feet. Most embarrassing to step on.

For at Ella's coy insistence, I did ven-

ture the first waltz. And successfully too. Counting silently one, two, three, I lost step but once, when her sandal got somehow beneath my black shoe. Thereafter, sedate on an empire sofa, ceremoniously flanked by potted palms, we watched the dancing. Nice to be young, I was thinking, when beside me Ella said troubled, "But she shouldn't be here." And swiftly squeezing my arm, "See there. Passing the orchestra. With that nice Pierce boy. The girl in blue ruffles. Red-headed."

I saw then May Calley, burnished copper of curls and gamin eyes. But tonight she looked different. An elan, a radiance about her, in face and movement, as if born of the music and one with its beat. They passed by us, unseeing; their young faces still and rapt, alone with themselves on the Blue Danube's drifting. And watching Tom hold her as if she might break, and her eyes dream-haunted above his black shoulder. "They dance well," I remarked.

"But Calley's on probation," Ella said nervously. "I explicitly told her no late dates, no formals," and thoughtfully Ella added, "Did you notice the way she avoided our eyes?"

"Not at all," I said. "They don't

● Live in such a manner that you won't be afraid to sell your parrot to the town's worst gossip.

know, for the moment, that we exist."

To which Ella said nothing until the dance ended. Then her nice voice shared me with her concern. "I don't know just what to do. I'd request her to leave, were it not for embarrassing that nice Tom Pierce."

"When in doubt, do nothing," I counseled her easily. "Myself, officially, am a bit nearsighted. I could not identify a dancer."

"You men!" said Ella with a rebuking tap of her program; but after a moment, "I think you should take Tom Pierce aside and explain."

"Not at all," I said firmly, and hastily. "We mustn't neglect the Kappa dance, Ella. I think we'd better go now."

Which we did, courteously attended to the curb by a Sigma senior, thus assigned to thank us graciously for coming and to be sure we were gone before spiking the punch.

On the way to the Kappa house, in the warm vibrating closeness of my '47 sedan, Ella said presently as if thinking aloud, "She was wearing his pin. I just can't believe it. That nice Tom Pierce. Oh dear—they're so young; defenseless, really."

Not the coeds I knew, I was about to tell her, when she said, "As Tom's advisor, you simply must warn him. Talk to him seriously, man to man."

"About what, Ella?" I asked; and with dry amusement, "The bees and flowers? A bit out of my field."

HER silence rebuked my levity, for three blocks and three moments; then she said gently, "Poor Dr. Stratton would be so distressed should Tom get seriously involved. They're old friends, you know, the Senator and our prexy." At my shoulder the softness of fur seemed closer, and faintly fragrant, as Ella said "Prexy was so pleased to have you Tom's advisor."

"His advisor in English," I said, "not in dancing partners. Stop worrying, Ella; it's doubtless a passing fancy."

"I'll find out," she said with soft determination. And added thoughtfully, "I'll ask my girls. They tell me everything."

"So I've heard," I said drily, and most unwisely. For as we slowed to park at the Kappa house, Ella said with a trifle and unamused laugh, "The silly dears! One of them told me in deepest confidence—I need not tell you I did not believe her—you yourself were rumored to have been seen behind the library one night with that Calley girl in your arms. Funny, isn't it?"

"Very," I responded, "ha, ha," jocosely bumping the car ahead; merrily reversing. I banged the car behind.

Home at last, and alone at last, I drank a long sedative, in spite of which I slept restlessly.

I was not surprised a few days thereafter to be called to the president's office, "at my first convenience." Which was at four that same day.

A handsome man, our President Stratton; a magnetic blue eye, a warm mellifluous voice, on which there lingered the faintest trace of an English accent and his Rhodes scholar years. "Good to see you, Hutchins," he said happily, and leaned back at ease, his strong hands linked behind and supporting his gray cropped curls that were silver against the faded damask drapes that shut out the twilight campus. Scholar and gentleman of distinction, saying now cordially, "Been hearing fine things of you, Hutchins. Not only your teaching in the classroom. You, by jove, you kindle the flame. Young Pierce, for instance. You've done wonders with him and me a real service. His pater could do a lot for this institution, for us all."

I muttered something deprecating, in spite of an inner voice that warned me, relaxing pleasantly in the sun of his countenance, of the balm of his voice. But now, abruptly, he reached for his pipe. "Matter of fact, that's why I sent

for you. Off the record now, entirely unofficially, what about young Pierce's emotional life? Emotionally stable? Feet on the ground, that sort of thing?"

"In the classroom," I said, "and in my office. Elsewhere I can't tell you." And I added drily, "Unlike some of my colleagues, sir, I don't even attempt to be an amateur psychiatrist."

He chuckled. "Good! I must remember that one, Hutchins. But seriously now, Dean Pusey tells me the boy is getting in deep, seriously involved with a girl named Calley. Not the right sort, Miss Pusey tells me."

I FOUND myself ill at ease, vaguely irritated. "The girl's a sophomore," I said. "She and Pierce danced together at the Sigma formal."

President Stratton put down his pipe, making somehow that small movement a concluding gesture, a courteous dismissal. When I stood, he too stood, and his voice took on gravity. "Well, that's that," he said. "Miss Pusey perhaps is overanxious. But seriously, old man, it wouldn't do any harm to, I rather wish you would, have a talk with the boy and sound him out."

"About what?" I asked. "And to what end? I'm not a subtle man, Dr. Stratton."

"Integrity, old man, is a rarer virtue, and, by jove," he said, "deserves answering integrity. Here then, Hutchins, man to man, between us two—"

Standing there against the crimson drapes, he looked his distinction, like a portrait of himself—in a whiskey ad. "You know, of course, that I came to Intermountain through the Senator's influence. I have treasured his friendship since we roomed together at Oxford. This, however, you need now to know, in deepest confidence."

"Pierce married in England, hastily and unhappily. A student indiscretion. The girl's name was Molley or Malley, an entertainer in London; she became this boy's, Tom Pierce's mother. It's all in the newspaper files and better forgotten, for the two were incompatible; Pierce left her in England."

"Later, though he went to court, he never did get free, some religious impediment the woman claimed; she was, legally, his wife when she died in a Roman convent or hospital. I don't remember. Nor does it matter." He paused for emphasis, then spoke again with quiet force. "This does matter. The tragic experience has left its mark on the Senator, a psychic wound, an abnormal distaste for such hasty and ill-considered unions. And a phobia almost, about cheap publicity involving the Pierce name."

"Were his son now, on my campus, unhappily involved—" the president

smiled, sighing—"You see, old man, I can't let him down."

He walked to the door with me, his big hand a friendly weight on my shoulder, and, dismissing me, said, cheerfully and casually, "Very fortunate for me you're the boy's advisor." And his smile blessed me—"Keep in touch with me, won't you?"

The proper answer came to me "May I remind you, Dr. Stratton, I am a professor, not a male duenna." But too late, alas; when I framed that answer, I was in the outer office passing his secretary, who seemed to think I was glaring at her.

I did talk with Tom Pierce, and happily at his own suggestion. He came by the house that Sunday morning and took me away from bluebooks and Trollope, for a long ride up the Flathead Valley.

Nice weather for early March, bright and still, with the fir shadows violet on the new fallen snow. Now and then we passed scattered shanties, sagging corals, and the corpses of ancient cars; until, doing sixty, we neared the agency, Burma Shave signs flashing by, a schoolhouse, and a church like a barn, were it not for the cross on the roof in place of a weathervane. It was a cross and no more, just two planks nailed; a bleak symbol, tiny-seeming and futile under the sky's high immensity and the distant peaks of the mountains. Speeding by we heard for a second a wheezing organ and shrill voices of children thanking their deity for blessings not visible. Then again there was only the rush of the wind and the engine's strong rhythm.

As if Tom had received my thought waves, he broke silence to say, "Funny thing, superstition. Intelligent people you'd never expect. May Calley's got one, a little gold cross she keeps for luck; treasures it too, as if it could really keep away evil. Can't argue with her," he said; and grinning, "I tried—just once. Of course she knows better, as well as we do, but the way I figure, down under her thinking her subconscious doesn't. I don't know"—he was speaking slowly, thoughtfully, gropingly—"as if somewhere, somehow, she remembers something she never knew. But that's crazy," he said smiling. "I take that remark back. Don't give me a grade on it, prof, I never said it."

"Someone did," I said lightly. "Thoughts don't happen, but are born of thought and lead to thought. For instance, Tom, your thought about May

Calley leads to this thought of mine—about that girl, in Victorian parlance are your intentions serious?" And, seeing his grin, I added, "In any case, my question is serious."

Without a word, frowning, he slowed to a stop by the side of the road; then, his elbow on the wheel, he turned to give me a hard searching look. "And just what, Dr. Hutchins," he asked with a kind of gentle rudeness, "gives you the right to ask me that?"

"No right," I said, "but the privilege, I hoped, of good will, of an older friend. My mistake, it seems. Let us change the subject."

"Sorry," he muttered, and drove on, a silent mile; then said, "As my real friend, prof—what made you ask, or who?" With a friendly grin that somehow made right our mutual embarrassment, "I'm calling you, prof," he said cheerfully, "show your openers first."

"Willingly," I said, "but we speak in confidence, Tom. Were you so inclined, or careless, repeating what I will say, you could do me serious harm, professionally speaking."

He said nothing.

So bluntly I told him. "May Calley, as you doubtless know, by persistent failure to co-operate, and occasional disobedience, has sacrificed the esteem of the administrative officers."

"In one word, prof, Pusey. Pusey's down on her."

Ignoring that, I continued. "Any student on probation continues on campus at the will of the dean, registrar, and president."

"So what?" he asked quietly.

"So this, Tom. For the present at least, the kindest, the most unselfish thing you can do for May is to let her alone, to stop seeing her, and thus stop the campus gossiping that might indeed cut short her education."

TOM said slowly, his clenched fist softly striking the wheel, "If you mean what I think you mean, they can all go to hades."

"Eventually possible," I said drily, "but immediately and surely May will go home."

He swerved the car to a violent stop. "She can't, prof. She can't. She has no home really." And bitterly he added, "No more than me."

"Than I," I corrected automatically, and, annoyed with grammar, spoke on. "All the more reason, Tom, that she stay with us, be at home at Intermountain."

Tom answered me with words I do not choose to repeat, a whispered profanity, which I stopped with stern impatience; quoting impressively, "This is most brave . . . unpack my heart with words and fall a-cursing like a very

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drab—' For heavens sakes grow up, Tom. Face reality. The facts of life. And among them, the power of wealth and high place. Your father's power." In gentler tone I continued, "Nor are president and dean wretches of animal ancestry because they do face facts, because they are aware of Senator Pierce's power to help or hurt our institution, both buildings and men. Or curse me, too; for I, too, am aware and concerned." Then, almost pleadingly, I said to his thoughtful silence, "But before you condemn them or me, ask yourself honestly, would your father resent the college authorities' concern for you? Would your father welcome May Calley to his family and name?"

"You've got something there," he said with sullen slang. "Let's turn round."

THUS we did, and rode back through the thawing brightness of noon that faintly promised spring. And all the miles in, driving slowly, Tom talked to me freely; of old hurting memories and a deep resentment. Much that he told me I may not repeat. And I had but the wisdom of silence, knowing no language that would not be mere dusting powder on a deep bleeding wound. He referred but once again to May Calley. When leaving me at my house, he said quietly, "Thanks, prof. Thanks a lot. And about May, I guess you're right—and I won't hurt her."

"Striving to better, oft we mar what's well," as a king's daughters learned and Ella Pusey shortly thereafter. For on the following Saturday morning, after a tranquil and uneventful week, happily free, as far as I knew, from alarms and excursions, and our lady-dean's vapors, the blow fell. Or more aptly perhaps the ripened fruit. And Ella shook the tree, not to mention myself.

A GRAY day and drizzling, that Saturday very early, before eight o'clock, I was driving to my office. At the bus stop, outside the campus gate, I noticed May Calley, a small figure and forlorn, beside a huge suitcase. She did not wave, nor I to her. I was through the gates when I thought, "But why the baggage? At this hour? Now where in the world—?"

Pricked on by mere curiosity, I drove back through the gates to the bus stop. Rolling down my window, "You should have an umbrella," I said crossly. "Where are you going at this hour in the morning?"

Without a smile, indifferently, "To the N. P. depot," she said.

It would never do to send the child home with pneumonia. Not pleased with myself or her, I got out and took her bag—surprisingly heavy that bag, as if



I answered boldly, having heard the receiver bang down

filled with books, which of course being May's, it wasn't. "Come along," I said, "I'm going downtown."

Down University Ave. we rode in a silence that began to be awkward. "Going home for the weekend?" I asked.

"No," she said. Just "no," and sat withdrawn, small, bare hands holding firm the purse on her lap. The windshield wiper squeaked and my tires swished through slush.

"Is anything wrong, Miss Calley?"

"Nothing much," she said, and with attempted levity, "Pusey's canned me, that's all."

"Miss Pusey," I corrected. "You mean expelled you—but why?"

"You tell me," she answered slangily. Then the words came tumbling out. "The housemother reported me smoking in my room. It isn't fair, Professor Hutchins. All the girls do and the housemother knows. She could have sent in twenty names." She was close to tears, an outraged child. "Miss Pusey told her to get me. She just wanted me out."

"That's an unwarranted assumption, and only proves your immaturity." With gentle firmness I continued, "You knew the rule." And I added reasonably, "To Dean Pusey you must remember, you are but one of six hundred coeds."

"But the one," she said sullenly, "that got in her hair, going out with Tom Pierce. That's what's in back of it."

Startled and dismayed, "Did Tom Pierce tell you that?" I asked quickly.

"No," she said, and with an obvious attempt to be casual, "I haven't seen him all week."

I stopped for a red light and asked,

"Then Tom doesn't know you're going home?"

"I don't know," she answered. "I don't care."

Not looking, I heard a sound like a heartbroken sniff. "He's nothing to me—never was. I hate him." And I knew she was crying, silently. I was glad to see the N. P. depot.

I was in for it now and might as well see it through. Going in with her, I insisted on checking that heavy bag and brought her back the check and the news that the train was a half hour late out of Butte.

Around us was noisy confusion, stale and smoky. At the end of the bench a ranch mother fed her infant at breast.

Sweet philosophy's milk to console her; I did my poor best. "Failure's a stepping stone to success. Sweet are the uses of adversity," and that sort of thing. One big tear gathered and rolled down her young cheek.

The noisy clamor of a shifting engine smothered my eloquence. And she searched in the shabby little bag, I suppose for a handkerchief. Perhaps to keep busy, not to talk. A book of matches came out, the collapsed remainder of a pack of cigarettes, lip-stick, compact, handkerchief. From the handkerchief it fell to the bench beside us, a small gold cross.

Much luck it had brought her, I thought. For no reason I was angry and rising said, "Excuse me a moment." Beyond the newsstand I found it, a telephone booth. I heard my nickel chime and called the Sigma house to ask for Tom Pierce.

(Continued on page 78)

If War Comes:

THE NAVY



The Attack Aircraft Carrier "Midway" can carry 110 bombers and fighters and 3,700 men

Official Photos, U. S. Navy

If Russia comes at us, she will come by sea and by air. The Navy will be ready for her on the sea, under the sea, and in the air. This is a story of how the men aboard an aircraft carrier keep on the alert

by JIM BISHOP

If war comes, are we prepared? This is a vital question. To get the answer, THE SIGN sent its correspondent not only to talk to the top brass in the Pentagon, but to fly in our planes, to sail in our ships, and to live with the soldiers in camps and on the proving grounds. Last month he reported on the Air Force. In this issue, he pictures the work of the Navy. Next month he will conclude his report with an article on the Army.

The Navy

Aboard the Attack Carrier Midway.—It is a velvet dark night, as only night in the tropics can be, and off to the west there is an orange canoe of a moon sitting on the palm trees of Cuba. The air is scented of sand and salt and hibiscus. Low in the sky, the Southern Cross winks a silent appeal from hundreds of light years away.

There the romance dies. Underfoot, the giant Aircraft Carrier "Midway"

paces across jade seas at thirty-one knots. Behind, a broad boulevard of phosphorescence boils green. On deck, jet Banshees scream until the catapult throws them off the deck into the dark sky. In the island structure, senior officers gravely sweat the young ensigns. Below decks, 3,700 men work at fueling planes, securing wires, baking pies, washing dishes, painting, watching gauges, manning gun-stations, standing watches, or, off duty, lying in the sack. Some have been aboard "Midway" two years and have never seen a plane land or take off.

Romance? Not to these men. They are working at war. The ship, outside and in, is lighted only by small red lamps and all hands know that this is what it is going to be like in case. They work now for team play. They want no foul-up. The kid manning a pump fourteen decks below the lookout knows that he and the lookout are as important to "Midway" as the pilot. Sometimes, in off-duty hours, they laugh about their work and say that there are

three ways of doing things: "The right way, the Navy way, and the 'Midway'," but their work is so integrated now that a jet can come in at 130 miles per hour, be waved to a landing by Lieut. Larry Hurst, hit the arresting wires, bounce to a stop, be disengaged by deck crews, assisted past the nylon barriers, be put on a port elevator for storing below decks, and another jet come in for a landing—all in thirty-five seconds.

As I jot semi-illegible notes in the gloom, a red hot coal burns through the night to port. It's a brand new F9F Jet—a Cougar—with swept-back wings, and it streaks the night sky in a ruddy glow as it passes over Destroyer "O'Hare" on the way in. Aboard is Ensign Ted Cunningham, of Providence, R. I. He is short, dark, and handsome, and in his hands is a quarter of a million dollars worth of Navy property. The job is to find the Carrier in the dark and bring the property aboard safely.

In Primary Fly, Commander Walter Haas of the Air Department watches

the hot coal. He knows that this kid of twenty-two will have to make four landings and four takeoffs to qualify as a "Midway" pilot. A deck above, Commander Dan Harrington stands with the lean, good-looking skipper of "Midway," Captain Clifford Cooper, watching the plane. They also watch two dials on the bridge. One shows that "Midway" is making thirty-one knots speed, the other shows that she is running into a wind of four knots—total windage, thirty-five knots.

In an office two decks below, Commander Jimmy Armstrong, Executive Officer, runs the affairs of the ship. Directly behind the bridge, Commander Ken Cushman, navigator, tracks the course of "Midway" with dividers, noting how she runs across Windward Passage between Cuba and Haiti. His assistants man the radar scopes, which will show almost anything on the sea that moves. Behind him, a fathometer—looking like an illuminated drugstore scale—pings out the depth of water under "Midway." It is 4,800 feet.

Four decks below, Lieut. John P. Fay, Catholic Chaplain, kneels facing an altar and leads two hundred off-duty men in the nightly recitation of the rosary:

"... Thy Will be done, on earth as it is in heaven . . ."

Away up on top of "Midway," four lookouts sit in four steel highchairs, with binoculars trained to the horizon. If, by any chance, the radar misses seeing something, they will see it. Their world is divided into four slices of pie, and they gobble it with their eyes all day and all night.

Nine deck levels below them, the bakers make up 650 pies, the number consumed by the men every day. The cooks boil 4,000 pounds of potatoes. Nearby, Commander Thomas Fuller, a Back Bay conservative, stares through his spectacles as he checks the needs of "Midway"; three million gallons of oil; a quarter of a million gallons of gasoline; stock for two ice cream parlors; a ton of flour; cash for a ship's bank; stamps for a post office; printing material for a daily newspaper; merchandise for two hobby shops, three stores, two barber shops, a shoe shop; 4,000 pounds of meat every day but Friday; 7,200 eggs for breakfast each day; a thousand quarts of milk; home-made bread for all hands; 4,000 candy bars daily; books for the libraries; detergents for a laundry that handles 10,000 pounds of wash per day and that the men ruefully claim can blow the buttons from thousands of shirts through the bottoms of thousands of socks.

Big? Yes, "Midway" is big. She's almost 1,000 feet long, too broad for the Panama Canal and, with the exception of her sisters, "Franklin D. Roosevelt" and "Coral Sea," is the world's biggest aircraft carrier. She carries 110 bombers and fighters, which she can throw at an enemy two at a time. For a lady, she throws far, almost a thousand miles.

Outside a ready room, big Lieut. Ed Walsh, of Providence, R. I., leans against the wind created by "Midway's" speed. Ed is a bomber pilot. He isn't flying tonight and he knows the tight, scared feeling of a kid coming in for that first night landing. So, rather than sweat it out in the wardroom lounge, he

huddles against a yellow tractor on the flight deck and watches.

Cunningham is a half mile behind "Midway" now. He angles his Cougar in the direction the carrier is racing and he loafs at 150 miles per hour 100 feet over the phosphorescent wake. "This," says Captain Cooper grimly, "is the moment when you pull all your draw-string muscles tight."

Below, ahead to the left, Cunningham sees the Landing Signal Officer—Lieut. Larry Hurst. The LSO stands at the rear of the carrier, behind a wind screen. His night suit is lighted down the middle, along the arms. So are the ribboned paddles he carries in his hands.

Ted Cunningham slows as he approaches. Below Hurst, two enlisted men stand in a pit. They are reading dials which tell them more about Ted Cunningham's plane than he may know right now.

"All down!" one yells. The plane wheels are down, the wing flaps are down, the arresting hook is down.

"CLEAR deck!" the other yells. This tells Hurst, without looking backward, that the last Jet has been taken off the deck and that Cunningham can come aboard.

"Hundred and fifteen!" the first one yells. "Hundred and twelve! Hundred and ten!" Cunningham is slowing too much. If he slows much more, his jet may stall and crash.

Hurst slams his paddles together in front of him. The Ensign sees it. He gives his two engines more power. He is closing fast now.

"Hundred and eighteen! . . . Hundred and twenty-two! . . . Hundred and twenty-four! . . ."

Hurst holds his arms straight out so that he looks like a lighted cross. This means that Cunningham is not too high, not too low. If the right wing drags low, Hurst will move his torso to indicate that the wing is dragging. If, when the plane gets within thirty feet of the carrier, Hurst feels that the jet is coming in too fast, too high, too low, he will cross his paddles over his head several times swiftly—which means "Give her power and get out of here fast. You're not right to land."

But Cunningham is right. So, as his plane reaches the rear of the speeding carrier, Hurst snaps his right hand paddle across his neck and down to his knees, which means "Cut your engine!" Cunningham does. The jet flops to the deck, bounces once, and engages one of the thirteen steel cables which stretch across "Midway's" deck. The cable is attached to resistance spools, which pay out a little wire and increase tension as they do. They stop the plane in seventy feet.



Ensign Ed Cunningham (inset) brings his jet plane to the deck at 120 m.p.h. Signal Officer Larry Hurst signals with bat, "Cut engine"

Ted finds that the two barriers and the one big barricade before him fall away and lie flat on the deck. A deck crew petty officer, with arms lighted, waves his plane forward. Cunningham guns it and the shrill scream drowns the moan of wind in "Midway's" rigging. His plane moves forward. Another man engages Cunningham's attention. In a moment, the barriers behind the plane jerk into an upright position. Cunningham is on the catapult, ready to be sprung off the deck again, as another jet idles up the wake toward the carrier deck.

WALSH sighs with relief. The kid has made it. Three more of these and he's a full-fledged member of VF 73—Commander Jim Riner's squadron. Up in Vulture's Nest, the off-duty enlisted men who sit waiting to see "something happen" begin to relax. The kid has made the grade. The terror of the first night landing is behind him. Some of them go below.

"Midway" and Cunningham and Walsh and Cooper are what the Navy is prepared to gamble with, if war comes. That is, "Midway" and the ships like her, and Cunningham, Walsh, and Cooper and the men like them. It's a good gamble, because it is doubtful if the Soviet Union can build any naval weapon as strong and as taut as "Midway," and it is beyond dispute that they haven't the facilities for training men like Cunningham, Walsh, and Cooper.

Most people think that, if the Soviet Union opens a shooting war, all the Navy has to do is to find a Russian fleet and sink it. That is only a part of the job. The function of the Navy in such a conflict is:

(1) To keep the sea lanes open to U.S. commerce.

(2) To close those lanes to the enemy.

(3) To transport the U.S. Army anywhere in the world and keep it supplied.

(4) To destroy the enemy fleet.

(5) To destroy—possibly by atomic weapons—enemy port installations and industries all the way from Petropavlovsk to Murmansk.

The Navy is as ready to undertake these jobs as the Strategic Air Force is to begin its own work. In "Midway," the scuttlebutt was that we had three atom bombs aboard. It may be only scuttlebutt. Again, it may not. But the Navy has that kind of readiness, and the ammunition that the five-inch guns coughed out in the Caribbean was real.

A comparison of the U.S. and Soviet Union navies looks, at a glance, to be ridiculous. When you add to our weight the British Navy, the effect is heightened. Here it is:

	U. S.	Russia
Aircraft Carriers	102	0
Battleships	15	2
Cruisers	75	20
Destroyers	352	83
Destroyer Escorts	250	38
Submarines	201	370

The United States is now building two atomic-powered submarines. The Soviet Union, in addition to its 370 submarines, is building 100 more.

AS of now, the Russian Navy has three fleets. One, under Admiral Tributs, is stationed in the Baltic Sea, another under Admiral Yumashev is stationed in the Far East, a third under Admiral Bassisty is in the Black Sea. Their surface fleet isn't worth a second

act curtain in *Pirates of Penzance*. It consists of old cruisers and older battleships built as long ago as 1905. The newer ones were borrowed or stolen from the Italians, the Japanese, and the Poles.

These three fleets have a half-million men in uniform, and more are being recruited for submarine duty all the time.

After World War II, the Soviet forces in Germany bullied, bribed, and converted the best German submarine brains into working for Communism. Result, her new undersea boats are difficult to run away from. They do sixteen knots under water and twenty-two and one-half on the surface. They are equipped with the best acoustical torpedoes—which can twist and change course and "home" in on an enemy ship's propellers—and these submarines can carry more weapons than the submarines of only nine years ago.

If war comes, there isn't the slightest doubt that, weeks before the big day arrives, Russian submarines will be lying in wait in all the major U.S. shipping lanes and off all the major ports. If the Russians have solved the means of launching an atom bomb in a missile from the deck of a submarine, all our port cities on the East Coast, the Gulf Coast, and the West Coast are in for a big sweat.

To combat this threat, the United States Navy no longer operates as a fleet. It is broken up into many Task Forces, each with a specific job to do. The queen of these forces is the carrier. Some of them, like the "Midway" and its two sisters, plus thirteen big improved Essex Class Carriers, form the nucleus of the Attack Carrier Groups which will bring the war to the enemy's



On the "Midway's" bridge, Captain Cooper talks with Fr. Fay, Catholic Chaplain from Providence, R. I.



Navy men eat well. Daniel Donnellon of Long Island and Vincent Zaunbrecher of Louisiana in chow line

ports and coastal cities. These carriers are protected by swift, hard-hitting destroyers and cruisers heavy with anti-aircraft weapons and listening devices. Each Attack Carrier Force is led by a new type CLC—a task force command ship in which sits a rear admiral. From his Flag Plot, he directs the Task Group.

Other task forces are offensive-defensive in character. They will center around CVE's—that is, Escort Carriers of lighter tonnage than the others—and their job will be to send hunter-killer teams of planes out to find and destroy Russian submarines. These teams work in pairs. One plane is equipped to locate an enemy submarine; the other has the weapons to destroy it. These Carrier forces have been practicing in deadly earnest, just as "Midway," the queen of Carrier Division Four, has been rehearsing how to smash Russian cities and industries.

TO the hunter-killer teams has been added a cannibalistic type of submarine called a Killer. It has a fat dome on its bows and inside is the latest of equipment for locating and destroying its own kind—submarines.

In the field of aeronautics, the Air Force has always been able to accept any plane, no matter how large and how heavy, so long as it will lift off a two-mile concrete runway. The Navy, on the other hand, is always limited to what weight it can toss off the front end of a carrier deck on a catapult. Within the past few months, the U.S. Navy has perfected a steam catapult which has a lot more bounce to the ounce than the old hydraulic catapults. It is so powerful that the only prob-

lem in its engineering is to determine how fast you can whiz a human being from a standing start, in the cockpit of a bomber, without breaking his neck.

The new super-carriers of the Forrestal Class will not only have the steam catapult and heavier bombers able to fly further with more potent bombs, but will also be able to whisk them off a canted deck three at a time. The canted deck is a diagonal runway which runs from starboard stern to midships port. To take advantage of a head-on breeze, the carrier will run about 30 degrees to the right of the wind's direction. It sounds complicated but it will work fine.

The last Jet is aboard and the port elevator takes it down to the hangar deck to be stored. "Midway" slows. At twenty knots, she seems to be loafing. A boatswain's pipe shrills to all hands through the loud speakers and the ship is secured from General Quarters. Lights go on. Tensions relax. Men are hungry. Captain Cooper orders the Destroyer "O'Hare" to make a big turn with us and head for Guantanamo Bay.

The pilots sit in the ready rooms waiting. Now comes the nastiest part of all. Lieut. Hurst, with night-glasses and lighted superman suit, has a note book which tells every tiny mistake made by a pilot and he will read these mistakes aloud.

The pilots do not squirm. They sit in big leather chairs, sipping coffee from plastic mugs, waiting. Commander Carl Clark—"Dad" to them—the Air Group boss, comes in and takes a back seat. So does Commander Walter Haas. They listen.

Hurst calls the men out by number: "Two twenty-one?"

A boy raises a languid arm.

JIM BISHOP, author of "The Mark Hellinger Story" and other biographies, was formerly War Editor of *Collier's* and Executive Editor of *Liberty Magazine*. He wrote this article on special assignment for *THE SIGN*.

"What's your name?"

"Timpkins, sir."

"Well, Timpkins, you came in a little bit fast. When I give you the cut sign, I want you to cut. Understand?"

"Yes, sir."

He goes on to the next pilot. And the next. And the next. The highest praise any of them got from Lieut. Hurst was when he called a number and said "Okay" in a soft, almost reluctant, tone. When the pilot heard the word, he beamed and sometimes punched a companion in the ribs. When the de-briefing is over, the men go to their quarters aboard ship to change into the uniform of the day for dinner.

Fun? None of it is.

IN the morning, there is Mass on the hangar deck and everyone is perpetually surprised that Father Fay can get so many boys to turn out so often. He is young and round and priestly, but most of all, he understands the Navy and the Navy understands him. He has been a chaplain almost five years now, and he is so popular with the men of all creeds that he can sense a change of one tenth of one degree in morale aboard "Midway." Originally, he was a curate at St. Mary's in Cranston, R. I., but now he talks pure Navy and the men at Mass, wearing denim with names stenciled on the backs of their shirts, await his word as though it were gospel—which, indeed, it is.

"I want to say a word to you men," Father roars, "about this Mass. Many of you incline your heads and doze piously until the chimes ring for the Offertory. Then you come to beating your chests. It is only fair to tell you that there will be no chimes this morning. I left them aboard the Cruiser "Pittsburgh" last Sunday. . . ."

And again:

"I'll be hearing confessions every night this week and I don't want you all piling in on me at the last minute. I'm reserving the last night for murderers and wife-beaters, and I'm sure that none of you here this morning are in that class. . . ."

He has taught them Christian manners, too. A few weeks ago, when a blond kid was converted to Catholicism and baptized, he stood nervously at the rear of his first confessional line. The man in the front of the line, who knew the situation, changed places with him.

A good man in a good ship in a good Navy.



Captain Cooper is seated center. Comms.: Harrington, Fuller, Armstrong, and Cushman (seated); Clark, Huron, Haas, and Clark (standing)

Visiting Mary's Shrines

by GERARD E. SHERRY

A recent Marian Year pilgrim here gives some helpful hints on how to make a pilgrimage to Our Lady's shrines



Pilgrims walking the penitential mile at the English shrine of Walsingham Delicious News photos

"THEN do folk long to go on pilgrimage."—Geoffrey Chaucer in "Canterbury Tales."

Visiting six Marian shrines in six countries in three-and-a-half weeks would have been miraculous in the days when Chaucer wrote this line. His Canterbury pilgrims took weeks to reach their goal from the London suburb of Southwark. Yet from the New York suburb of Idlewild, I visited shrines in Ireland, England, France, Italy, Spain, and Portugal in a matter of twenty-four days.

The manner of travel was different. Chaucer's pilgrims walked or rode on horseback—I flew by plane.

There was another difference, too. The medieval pilgrimage had a penitential aspect which is totally absent in modern times. There is very little penance attached to traveling on a luxury airliner or one of the ocean queens. One does not have to beg for food or accommodation, and there is no physical discomfort involved. Indeed, the only thing we modern pilgrims have in common with our Chaucerian forebears is the spiritual benefits we derive from paying homage to God and His Blessed

Mother at the various shrines of the world.

Shannon, some twelve miles from Limerick, is the first European stop on a trans-Atlantic flight. It is not the prettiest of places, but rather bare and isolated. However, the airport personnel are efficient and friendly, a pleasant contrast to their stark surroundings.

Within an hour, I was airborne again, on my way to Dublin, capital of the land of saints and scholars. My destination was the little County Mayo village of Knock, where on August 21, 1879, an apparition of Our Lady, accompanied by St. Joseph and St. John, was witnessed by the simple folk who lived there. Knock is in the eastern part of Mayo, some 125 miles from Dublin. It can also be approached directly from Limerick in the south, which is about the same distance away.

Up to the time of the appearance of Our Lady, Knock was historically unknown. It had played no part in the more violent chapters of Ireland's saga, despite its proximity to places noted for their renown in the struggle through the centuries of oppression. Knock has a tranquillity which, I discovered, pre-

vails in each of the shrines visited on my pilgrimage. It seems as if the Blessed Virgin really has wrapped her mantle of peace and love around the hallowed spots in which she has deigned to appear to the humble and to the great.

NO man-made monuments to patriotism or valor can be seen in the village. Only the church, enlarged since the apparitions, stands out from the neat little rows of country cottages in the area. Outside the church is the enclosed altar built on the site of the apparition, which is decorated with life-size figures of white marble representing Our Lady, St. Joseph, and St. John. Outdoor Stations of the Cross complete the shrine enclosure. There is no commercialization at Knock. Prices of food and religious objects suit even the smallest of pockets. If one wants to stay the night, there is a very fine hostel run by the Sisters of Charity of St. Vincent de Paul. Hotel accommodation is available in the railhead town six miles away, as is bus and taxi transportation to the shrine.

Having spent four hours at Knock, I

returned to Dublin the same day. Another twenty-four hours was spent in the Irish capital visiting churches and national monuments. One hears a lot about the "vanishing Irish," but I found they were very much alive, spiritually and physically.

LEAVING Ireland, I flew to London in a little over two hours and next day took a train to Walsingham, a hamlet 142 miles away. Situated in the east coast county of Norfolk, Walsingham has a Catholic history dating from the eleventh century. Its shrine of Our Lady, attached to the Augustinian Priory, was the mecca of English Catholics for 400 years. Many miracles were wrought there and it became a symbol of the Dowry of Mary.

With the Reformation, the priory and the shrine were destroyed and the land sold for a private dwelling. Although physically eradicated, Walsingham was not forgotten by Catholics who remembered the countless English martyrs who gave their lives for the Faith. At the end of the last century, Catholics in England again erected a shrine, near the original site (which is still in the hands of non-Catholics).

An unusual aspect of Walsingham is that people actually enter into the spirit of the ancient penitential mile to the famous Slipper Chapel, dedicated to St. Catherine. As in olden times, pilgrims take off their footwear at the chapel and walk in their bare feet to the shrine a mile away. The Slipper Chapel was restored in 1897 from the ruins of the Reformation.

Walsingham can be visited from London in a day, but those who wish to stay overnight can easily get hotel and tourist accommodation in the surrounding towns.

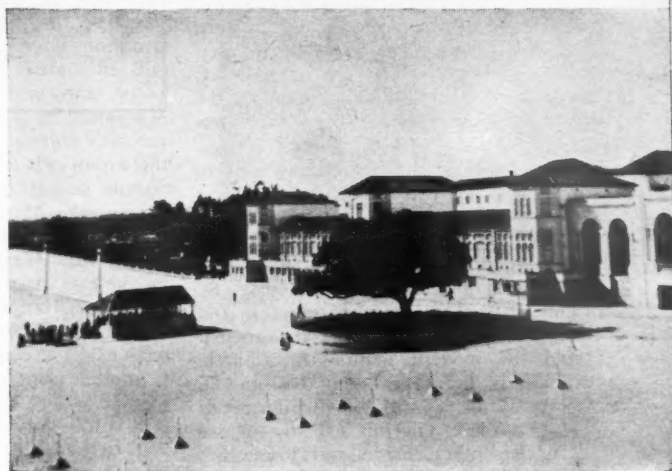
There are about 100 other Marian shrines in Great Britain, many of them now being restored after centuries of disuse. A more recent yet important one is the Grotto of Our Lady at Carfin, Scotland, which is rapidly becoming a major center of devotion. Accessible through Glasgow, Carfin is certainly worth visiting.

My next visit was to France. The outstanding event there for me was participation in ceremonies at Lourdes, the scene of many miracles and conversions. So much has already been written of this celebrated center of prayer that it seems hardly necessary to repeat it. Certain impressions, however, are lasting—the fervor of the pilgrims, the serenity of the atmosphere, the proof of miracles, and, finally, the personal realization that the Blessed Virgin means so much in one's own spiritual formation.

France, of course, has many shrines



The author, left, at Fatima with the parents of Jacinta and Francisco Marto and Rev. Lawrence Farrell of Monterey-Fresno diocese



The tree at Fatima, over which our Lady appeared, is now center of great plaza in front of the basilica

The altar of the shrine at Knock, Ireland, showing the statue of Our Lady, flanked by the marble figures of St. Joseph and St. John



to the Holy Mother. Another which is worth a special visit is that of Our Lady of La Salette, also in a mountainous region of the country. It is an older shrine than Lourdes and has been a place of many supernatural occurrences. In Paris, there is the shrine of the Miraculous Medal, much neglected even by Europeans. Most of the apparitions of Our Lady have been witnessed in lonely, isolated spots in the country, but she also appeared in this busy French capital in 1830 to St. Catherine Labouré, a nun of the Sisters of Charity. It was here in the convent at Rue du Bac that the "medal of the Immaculate Conception" was created at the request of the Blessed Mother; and it was here that it took on the title of "Miraculous Medal" after it brought about numerous graces and conversions.

It is difficult to leave France without wondering why, with all its monuments to Christianity, the anti-Christ should have such strength in the political life of the country. The same is true of Italy, my next stop. It is a glorious thrill, as the plane circles the airport, to look down on Rome, the See of Peter. Viewing the Seven Hills from the sky, and knowing that the successor to the Prince of the Apostles lives within their confines, one wonders how it is possible for a Togliatti and a Nenni to walk the same streets. But Rome is a spiritual haven for all men. All languages are spoken there and all Rites of the Church practiced.

The major shrine is, of course, St. Peter's Basilica, graceful, elegant, and dignified, expressing both the ancient and the modern within the Church. There is also Our Lady's basilica, St. Mary Major, a must for all pilgrims in Mary's Year. Pilgrims will try to see countless other shrines but Rome was not built in a day and certainly cannot be seen in one.

A place recommended for the individual traveler is the English-speaking center attached to the church of San Sylvestro, in the Piazza of the same name, just off the Via del Corso. Operated by the Pallotine Fathers, it is a pleasant contact for the English-speaking tourist who does not know Rome. Priests and students from the North American, English, Irish, and Scots Colleges congregate there as well as lay residents in the city. One finds them very helpful in planning a day around the town, in giving advice, and putting one in touch with the right people. There are other places in Rome, especially churches staffed by American priests, which can be of assistance.

Although the Eternal City is the main shrine center of Italy, in other parts of



Center of Attraction

► Little Johnny went with his family to meet an uncle who was returning from a voyage overseas. As the boat docked, the members of the family searched the faces of the incoming passengers for a sign of the relative but could not find him.

Suddenly Johnny cried out excitedly, "I see him, I see him!"

"Where?" demanded his father.

The boy pointed to a porthole in the ship.

"Up there," he shouted, "with the boat around his neck!"

—Virginia Prescott

the country there are places equally important in their own right. For instance, Loreto, the Marian shrine which embraces the traditional home of the Holy Family—the House of Nazareth. Located on the east coast, not far from the Port of Ancona, Loreto is a shrine that belongs to the Holy Father, being "extra-territorial" Vatican State property.

Another center is that of Our Lady of Pompeii, also Vatican territory. Situated a few miles from Naples, Pompeii is better known perhaps for its ruins created by an eruption of the volcanic monster, Vesuvius. But Our Lady's blessings on the Valley of Pompeii mean more to the pilgrim than the lava dust of Vesuvius swept from the relics of Roman decadence.

Having been in Italy a number of times, it is always hard for me to leave that lovely country. However, time was running short and Spain was the next destination.

If I might here inject a political note, I arrived in Madrid like many other visitors with preconceived ideas of a Fascist dictatorship—a police state. I was agreeably surprised from the moment of landing at the Spanish airport

to find how wrong I was. If there is oppression in Spain, I didn't see it; if there is dictatorship, it is of the loose kind and has none of the sinister nature so often attributed to it by American and European journalists. I spoke with government officials and ordinary people, with bishops of the Church and their lay leaders. All impressed me with a sincerity of purpose and a desire to see their country on its feet again.

Spain is not a paradise but its people are trying to make it Christian and livable. Some of the social action I saw in the diocese of Madrid alone eloquently contradicts the slanderous pens of some Western newspapermen.

The main purpose of my visit to Spain was to see "la Morenata," the "little Black Madonna" at Montserrat. It was worth while going there just for the sheer beauty of the scenery—a huge block of mountains rising some 4,000 feet about 20 miles from Barcelona. Here Our Lady has been venerated at a shrine since the 9th century. Housed in the Benedictine Abbey Church is the famous wooden statue of the Madonna, black with age. Here pilgrims come, following in the footsteps of Ignatius Loyola, Vincent Ferrer, Peter Claver and a host of other saints and holy men. Besides the celebrated image of Our Lady, Montserrat also has the Holy Grotto on the site where the original statue was found. Spain is full of Marian centers. Apart from Montserrat and Madrid, other important ones are Valencia and Seville which have magnificent shrines to the Blessed Mother.

NEARING the end of my journey, I had one more important stop—Portugal and Fatima. No European pilgrimage is complete without a visit to Fatima, the site of the call to the modern crusade of prayer and penance for peace. I arrived there on a day when there were no special celebrations. Only a handful of pilgrims were about, but one sensed immediately it was a place of great devotion. Long before one reaches the beautiful wide-open plaza, with its high colonnade atop of which stands a statue of the Sacred Heart, one feels peace and calm. The dignified basilica stands out as a tall beacon radiating the message of Mary to the far corners of the earth. I managed also to visit Olympia and Francesco Marto, parents of Jacinta and Francesco Marto, two of the three shepherd children who witnessed the visit of Our Lady to this isolated spot in the Portuguese countryside. Francesco and Jacinta are dead, their bodies lying enshrined in the basilica. Their parents live on, patient and understanding of the ways of God.

GERARD E. SHERRY, well known as a writer and lecturer, has contributed frequently to Catholic publications. He is Catholic Editor of Religious News Service.

Mrs. Marto, over 80, was cooking lunch when I came to see the little peasant cottage in the tiny village a few miles from Fatima. She and her husband spoke of their children and Our Lady. They expressed their humble gratitude that the Blessed Mother should have chosen their offspring and their niece, Lucy, (now a nun) to pass on the Message of Fatima. On the way back to Lisbon I stopped at the ancient monastery of Batalha, a must for anyone interested in historic churches.

TRAVELING alone, as I did, has compensations as one is free to go exactly where one wishes. However, if I were to go again I would take the family and preferably go with an organized pilgrimage. Pilgrims who travel with official-led groups have many advantages, both spiritual and material. For one thing, extra indulgences may be gained at special services. This applies especially during the Marian Year. Another advantage is that the schedule is arranged months ahead in order to avoid hitches in transportation, accommodation, services, and audiences with the Pope. In addition, going with a large party normally means traveling at lower rates than for an individual.

There is something to be said for traveling on one's own or with the family to Europe and it costs much less than is commonly realized. Take my own case. I traveled nearly 9,000 miles in twenty-four days on a total budget of \$1,050. A sizable portion of the amount went in plane fares and I lived on about \$300. There is nothing particularly clever about this—anyone can do it. I lived very well, eating good food and sleeping in comfortable beds.

The secret is simplicity. Dining in expensive restaurants and booking rooms in luxurious hotels is fine for those who can afford it, but on a limited budget one has to seek out the modest eating house and the plain-looking hotel room. There are plenty of them in Europe, clean, comfortable, and with good service. There is another consideration too, in relation to transportation. At airports some distance away from the actual shrines there are taxis and public buses available. You cut down on incidentals if you use the public transportation. It is just as efficient and, to many big cities, just as quick as alternate forms.

For many of us, going to Europe means draining the savings account, but if you husband the money carefully, you can still have a good time and see much more. Another way to cut down on travel expenses, especially when visiting shrines, is to team up with other travelers making the same journey.

I did this at Lisbon. I wanted to go to Fatima but found that as the day selected was not one for the monthly ceremonies at the shrine, the only transportation available for the 100-odd mile journey was a taxi at a cost of approximately \$30. It was more than I actually had, excluding my hotel bill, so I looked around for others who might want to go. Eventually I discovered a priest and a layman from the Monterey-Fresno diocese and a Mexican priest, all of whom were nearly as badly off as I was. The four of us made the journey to Fatima and back in the same taxi in one day. Even with two meals eaten on the way, it cost us only \$12, an individual saving of about \$18.

Living this way may not be quite up to American standards and some might consider it a hardship. If so, what better way is there than offering it up to Almighty God in some small penitential fashion in keeping with the spirit of a pilgrim.

SOME might ask whether I could have reduced my expenses still further by taking the cheaper form of transportation from the United States—the ship. However, this is not always true saving, especially where the time element is involved. I had only twenty-four days in which to complete the journey. I would have lost at least ten days in ocean travel. Furthermore, once I had landed in Europe, I would have had to find other means of transportation to get to the various countries I wanted to visit. This would naturally have been at a cost in excess of the boat fare. The plane costs covered all the places I wanted to see. Air travel being faster, it also cuts out many of the usual overnight stops for trains and boat connections. This, in turn, means less expense for rooms, meals, and the like. Of course, you can travel first class on a plane and make the costs soar. But I found the tourist flights comfortable, efficient, and no slower than the more costly luxury flights.

Those who have the time and enjoy the more leisurely form of boat travel can make it just as well as a plane. But the many who have limited vacations of two or three weeks cannot afford to take a long time. In most cases it means sacrificing pay for the extra vacation weeks. If you add this item to your overall costs there is no saving at all.

This Year of Mary gives many of us an added incentive to visit her ancient and modern shrines across the seas. No matter what mode of travel we choose, or which shrines we prefer to visit, we can be sure of spiritual graces in abundance which are always bestowed on pilgrims to Our Lady's shrines. Surely, this is sufficient reason for any journey.



Shrine of "little black Madonna" at Montserrat, Spain, is noted for the sheer beauty of its scenery

Statue of Mary at Lourdes stands as a beacon of peace in troubled world





Love in Funnyface

ROMANTIC love knows no season, as the saying goes, although it has a "day" set aside in its honor, a "day" that's observed lightly throughout most of the Christian world.

That "day"—and I know you're 'way ahead of me—is St. Valentine's Day, February 14, to which there is much more than meets the eye and ear.

It even goes far beyond St. Valentine himself.

That worthy was a Roman priest who was imprisoned for aiding persecuted Christians.

He finally became a convert, restored the sight of his jailor's blind daughter, and was clubbed to death for his charity on February 14, 269.

The custom of exchanging romantic verses and gifts on that day, however, apparently had little or nothing to do with St. Valentine, and vice versa, and the connection of the custom with the Saint's feast day seems to be purely accidental.

It is a fact, substantiated by many authorities, that what is now the month of February was traditionally the month in which birds chose their mates for the year. The exact day of the month on which this took place was February 14. This tradition and the knowledge of it extend back into antiquity, certainly far beyond St. Valentine.

Ancient peoples of various origins, aware of the mating of the birds at this time of the year, were inspired to invent many romantic games that paired the young men and women of their tribes or communities.

The ancient Romans followed the practice of putting the names of young women in a container of some kind, and these were withdrawn by the young men according to chance.

Later, the custom spread to Europe, notably England, Scotland, and France, in a somewhat different form.

On the eve of St. Valentine's Day, groups of young, unmarried people would write the names of other young, unmarried people of their acquaintance on slips of parchment or other writing material, and then draw them in lottery fashion, taking care, of course, only to draw the name of one of the opposite sex.

The person drawn in this manner be-

came another's Valentine but, in turn, drew a Valentine of his or her own, which must have been both confusing and frustrating, to say the least.

Valentine "engagements" or "contracts" resulted and lasted a whole year, according to the rules of the happy little game and, as can well be imagined, frequently led to more permanent arrangements, continued proximity being so important where romantic love is concerned.

Though lightly and almost frivolously intended in general, many young men and their lady-loves considered a Valentine "engagement" as seriously as that of the medieval knight's period of devotion and "service" to his lady.

Nobody seems to know where or when the custom of gift-giving attached itself to St. Valentine's Day, but it must have been during the Middle Ages.

Several historians agree the practice was first noticed—and it was already in full swing—during the late fourteenth or early fifteenth century, when both sexes were in the habit of giving each other small presents each February 14.

At one point, only boys and young men were allowed to give presents; at another, among several European groups, only gifts of gloves were considered proper. Somewhat later, and Samuel Pepys is our authority for this, the romantic custom of choosing and being chosen a Valentine literally swept Europe, particularly among the upper classes, and married as well as single folk exchanged Valentine gifts—and no doubt hugs and kisses—right and left.

As near as can be determined, this romantic custom, which had its roots in paganism, became associated with a Christian observance when the practice of marking events according to the Christian calendar was introduced. Thus the mating of the birds and the romantic by-play of young people was remembered annually as coinciding with St. Valentine's Day.

In time, the two observances became one, the pagan origins of the occasion were lost in the shuffle, and St. Valentine got credit for the whole thing.

Had the feast of any other saint fallen on that day, I imagine he or she would have been given the same credit.

Lately, certain of the graceful and

interesting meanings of St. Valentine's Day have degenerated so far that I wonder that anyone is concerned with assuming credit.

Some years ago, it was noted in Chambers' *Book Of Days* that the whole thing has become something of an infernal nuisance, that "the approach of the day is now heralded by the appearance in the print-sellers' shop windows of vast numbers of missives calculated for use on this occasion, each generally consisting of a single sheet of post-paper, on the first page of which is seen some ridiculous-colored caricature of the male or female figure, with a few burlesque verses below. More rarely, the print is of a sentimental kind, such as a view of Hymen's altar, with a pair undergoing initiation into wedded happiness before it, while Cupid flutters above, and hearts transfixed with his darts decorate the corners.

"Maid-servants and young fellows interchange such epistles with each other on the 14th of February, no doubt conceiving that the joke is amazingly good; and, generally, the newspapers do not fail to record that the postmen delivered so many hundred thousand more letters on that day than they do in general."

These not-so-sentimental reminders of a basically human and sentimental event were probably the forerunners of some of our modern penny-Valentines, which are printed by the thousands and find great favor among school children.

I've received many of them and, no doubt, so have you.

THEY'RE more of a comic satire on St. Valentine's Day than anything else, surely no protestation of affection, unless negatively or in reverse.

The "verse" underneath, if such can be dignified by so honorable a designation, explains that the object of the sender's "affections" is undoubtedly the most dreadful and ludicrous person afloat, and it ends with the plea that he or she, nevertheless, "will be my Valentine."

I saw one the other day that probably represented the ultimate in romantic antics of a kind I don't understand at all and probably never will.

"Drop dead," it said.

"O Tempora, O Mores," I thought.

THE *Sign* POST

by ALOYSIUS McDONOUGH, C.P.

Date of Christ's Birth

Was Our Lord actually born on December 25th? Is it true that Christmas is distinctively Catholic? I read that Our Lord was born about the year 6 or 7 B.C.; how could that be so since B.C. means Before Christ?—D. B., MINNEAPOLIS, MINN.

We do not know the exact day and month of Christ's birth. Certain incidents and circumstances recorded in the Gospel indicate that He was born most probably in winter time. Christmas, the Feast of Christ's Nativity, was instituted in 325 A.D., and December 25th was the day chosen by the Church for its celebration. December is a winter month, but the precise reason why the Church chose the twenty-fifth of that month was because she wanted to counteract, by means of a glorious spiritual celebration of her own, the riotous celebration of the pagan festival of The Unconquered Sun which occurred on that day.

In a sense, it is quite true that Christmas is distinctively Catholic. The Catholic Church alone perceives, appreciates, and makes known the true nature and full significance of the Mystery of the Incarnation. For her it is not merely an historical event worth remembering but belonging to the past; it is an ever-living and present reality containing and communicating to those who fittingly celebrate it the very same divine lessons, graces, and blessings that it held and imparted when it first came to pass at Bethlehem. Hence the Church recalls and presents that sublime Mystery to the faithful in such a manner that they may not only contemplate its marvels and learn its lessons but likewise share really and truly in its special graces. The Church does that through her entire liturgy proper to the season of Christmas, but above all and most efficaciously by the one and only means which enables us to celebrate in a truly fitting manner and to participate fully in the divine Mystery commemorated, that is, by the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass, in which the Christ of the crib is brought down in person upon the altar, offered for us to the eternal Triune God, and given to us in closest union as our very own in Holy Communion. And that is why the Birthday of our Divine Saviour is called "Christmas" which, coming to us from the Old English "*Cristes Maesse*," means Christ's Mass. And certainly nothing is more distinctively Catholic than the Mass. We might mention, too, that some non-Catholic Christians even tried to do away with Christmas altogether. Thus, in 1644, Parliament passed a law forbidding the English people to celebrate Christmas, and in our own country, years ago, as some of our grandfathers may remember, non-Catholics showed little respect for Christmas in a religious way or otherwise; they looked upon it as a Papist custom.

Christ was born about the year 6 or 7 B.C., and B.C. does mean Before Christ. That statement is self-contradictory only in appearance, for the contradiction is merely verbal and, as we shall see, the result of a miscalculation. The

greatest of all historical events, the coming of Christ into the world, marked the beginning of a new era, "The Years of the Lord." However, since pagan Rome was master of the world when, and for centuries after, Christ was born, the years were reckoned in the Roman fashion: A.U.C., i.e. From the Foundation of the City (Rome), so that the new Christian era, though already in progress, went officially unrecognized and unnamed for a very long time after its actual commencement. Only centuries later, in the year 527 A.D., was it given proper recognition and its rightful name; and only after that did it become common practice to reckon the years from the birth of Christ and to designate them as before or after Christ. Dionysius Exiguus, a Scythian monk living in Rome, was the man who conceived the idea of making that change. In carrying out his idea it is obvious that the very first thing Dionysius had to do was ascertain the A.U.C. year in which Christ was born and then make that A.U.C. year the first year of the new era, 1 A.D. His calculations led him to believe that Jesus Christ was born in 754 A.U.C.; so that was the year he called the first of The Years of the Lord—1 A.D. The preceding year was called 1 B.C. And no year—0—was taken as the starting point. Dionysius' calculations were accepted at the time and, even though it has long been known that he made an error, his system of numbering the years is still retained. There is a mass of evidence proving that Dionysius did make an error; certainly an error of four years, and probably of six or seven years, if not more. Here is the principal argument proving that Dionysius did make that error. First fact: The infamous King Herod died in the year 750 A.U.C. (4 B.C.). Second fact: Jesus Christ was born *before* Herod died. Therefore, Christ was born, not in 754 A.U.C. (1 A.D.) as Dionysius thought, but at the very latest in the year 750 A.U.C. (4 B.C.). There are, however, other facts which show that Christ was born at least one and one-half, and probably two or three, years before Herod died. Hence, we conclude that Our Lord was born about the year 6 or 7 B.C.



Marriage by Minister

I am a Catholic girl keeping steady company with a non-Catholic young man. We expect to become engaged at Christmas and to be married in August. His father is bitterly opposed to our being married by a priest, but he would have no objections if, after our Catholic marriage, we were to be married by a minister too. Is such a procedure possible?—E. S., BALTIMORE, MD.

On this point the Church's legislation reads: "Even when a dispensation from the impediment of mixed religion has been obtained from the Church, the parties cannot, either before or after their marriage in the Catholic Church, go

before a non-Catholic minister, acting as such, for the purpose of giving or renewing their matrimonial consent. And if the parish priest knows that the parties intend . . . to violate this law, he may not assist at their marriage." (Canon 1063) It must be thoroughly realized that marriage is a religious contract, and therefore to seek for that religious contract the sanction, under any form, of a heretical sect is to imply approval and to make external profession of heresy. That is, of course, a very serious violation of Christ's law as well as the law of the Church, and the Church punishes it by excommunication: "Excommunication reserved to the Ordinary is incurred by a Catholic who, contrary to Canon 1063, contracts marriage before an heretical minister." (Canon 2319) Thus, you can readily see how terribly serious a matter this is for you and the very grave obligation you have to reject absolutely and at once the vicious compromise proposed by the young man's father. Make your intended husband clearly understand that you, as a conscientious Catholic, cannot and will not even consider such a proposal. Point out to him that, whereas your stand is based on principle and dictated by your conscience, his father's opposition to a Catholic marriage springs from neither principle nor conscience but only prejudice. That is obvious from his willingness to withdraw his objections if you will agree to violate your conscience and cut yourself off from the Church of Christ. Now, before marriage, is the time for you to make your religious convictions known to your young man and to insist that they be respected not only at marriage but after marriage as well.



Non-Catholic "Best Man"

A very good friend of my fiancé would like to be his best man at our wedding. However, he is a Protestant, and I understand there would be a good deal of "red tape" to go through in order to have him as a witness. Could you explain why this is?—N. G., YONKERS, N. Y.

According to a decree of the Holy Office, "Non-Catholics may not act as witnesses at Catholic marriages, without permission of the local Ordinary." This decree is an interpretation and application of the natural and Divine laws which forbid non-Catholics to take an active part in Catholic worship, religious rites, ceremonies, and practices. In this decree the Holy Office says, in effect, that it is contrary to the natural and Divine laws for a non-Catholic to act as an official witness at a Catholic marriage, which is a religious ceremony, unless certain circumstances are present and certain conditions are fulfilled. And it is the right and the duty of the Ordinary to decide in each case whether or not those circumstances are present and those conditions fulfilled. If his decision is in the negative, then he will refuse permission for the non-Catholic to act as witness. If his decision is in the affirmative, he may grant the permission. And when permission is granted it implies no more than this, namely, that the natural and Divine laws allow the Church, in this particular case, to tolerate, not approve, that this non-Catholic act as a witness at this Catholic marriage.

Without any qualms of conscience, non-Catholic Christians freely take part in the religious services of any Protestant denomination. Protestant ministers even preach sermons and conduct services in churches of other denominations than their own. Because of their own attitude and practice in this matter, Protestants have some difficulty in understanding why Catholics may not and do not act in the same way, and why they themselves may not take an active part in Catholic religious services, etc. However, this Catholic attitude and practice does not bother Protestants ordinarily.

But let there arise an occasion or a case which concerns and affects one of them personally, and he or she will be very quick to be hurt, to take offense, and to attribute it all to nothing but sheer bigotry on the part of the Church. That happens every so often, for instance, when a Protestant finds out that his very good friend, who is a Catholic, may not become the godfather of his baby; or conversely that he may not become the godfather of his Catholic friend's baby. The practice of Protestants generally indicates that they believe there is no essential difference between one Protestant denomination and another, that one Protestant religion is as good as another. So when they have occasion to deal with the Catholic Church they fail to appreciate and realize that they are not dealing with just another church, denomination, or religion, but with the one true Church of Jesus Christ, which does and must act differently simply because she is different. Her attitude, laws, and conduct are but the reflection of what she is, and she can no more change that reflection than one can change his own mirrored face into that of another.

The Catholic Church is, we repeat, the one and only true Church of Jesus Christ, the Catholic religion is the one and only true religion of Jesus Christ, the Catholic Faith is the one and only true Faith of Jesus Christ; all other so-called Christian churches are spurious. Hence, there is very definitely an essential difference between the Catholic religion and all those others; and, from the aspect of religious profession, there is an essential difference between Catholics and non-Catholic Christians: the former profess the one true Faith and religion of Christ, the latter profess a false religion and faith. Such is the fact, and because of that fact Catholics are not allowed to take part in any religious service of a false religion. Participation by a Catholic in non-Catholic religious services is forbidden not merely by a law of the Church but by the Divine law itself, because such participation by a Catholic is an implied repudiation of his own Catholic Faith, the one true Faith.

The Catholic Church is equally consistent about the matter of non-Catholics taking part in Catholic worship, religious ceremonies, rites, and practices. Non-Catholics are allowed and indeed are more than welcome to enter a Catholic church in order to attend Mass, hear a sermon, make a novena, etc. But they are not allowed to take an active part in any religious rite itself of the Catholic Church when that participation must necessarily be considered to be a sign, an exterior manifestation, of religious unity between Catholics and non-Catholics, a concrete indication that the faith professed by Catholics and the faith professed by non-Catholics are essentially the same. Now there are certain religious rites and ceremonies which are of such a nature that active participation in them by a non-Catholic signifies, by itself (i.e. apart from all other considerations and circumstances) the religious unity and agreement we just mentioned. Catholic Marriage, being a sacrament, is one such ceremony. And for a non-Catholic to act as an official witness at a Catholic marriage is active participation signifying, per se (by itself), religious unity and agreement. Therefore it is wrong and forbidden. But in a particular case certain circumstances may be present and certain conditions fulfilled, so that the above instance of participation by a non-Catholic does not, as a matter of fact, here and now signify religious unity between the Catholic parties and the non-Catholic witness. In such a case the Ordinary may allow the non-Catholic to act as witness to the marriage. Thus it is apparent that making known the circumstances of the case and applying to the Ordinary for permission in a case of this kind is not just a bit of "red tape" but an essential requisite; for the Ordinary must evaluate the circumstances, judge the suffi-

ciency of the reasons for asking for the permission, and have assurance that, if the permission is granted, none will misinterpret the non-Catholic's acting as witness and that no scandal will be given others.

"Mental Healing"

What is meant by "Mental Healing"? A friend of mine quoted a Doctor Walsh as saying that mental healing never cures a real disease; is it then a fake?—S. K., SYRACUSE, N. Y. People call Katherine Kuleman, who has a large following in and around Pittsburgh, a "Spiritual Healer." Does a "spiritual healer" have some special power?—B. J., PITTSBURGH, PA. The enclosed literature is handed out at St. Stephen's Episcopal Church, where the Rev. Alfred Price conducts spiritual healing services every week. Is a Catholic allowed to attend his services?—L. T., PHILADELPHIA, PA.

"Mental healing" is generally taken to mean the healing of bodily ailments through mental influence. This method of healing ministers directly not to a man's body but to his mind. Its aim is to induce the mind and, through the mind's influence on the body, the body likewise to release and exert upon the body their own natural healing powers. Cures have been effected by this method, so there is such a thing as mental healing. Mental healing is, then, effective; but how effective is it? The Doctor Walsh mentioned by our correspondent is the late James J. Walsh, who was an eminent Catholic physician and scholar. He wrote extensively on this subject and had this to say about the efficacy of mental healing: "This mind of ours can produce the symptoms of any disease in the body, not the disease itself. Whenever the mind produces the symptoms of the disease, only the mind can cure them. . . . The mind does not cure the body, but only symptoms that are produced by the mind."

Dr. Walsh limited mental healing's efficacy to so-called functional diseases and considered it impotent in cases of organic disease. However, it is worth noting that Dr. Walsh's assertion that the mind can produce only symptoms of disease, not disease itself, is not an axiom of medical science. For example, the renowned Dr. Alexis Carrel wrote in his book *Man The Unknown*: "Man is an indivisible whole of extreme complexity. Our ignorance is profound. Immense regions of our inner world are still unknown. . . . Envy, hate, fear, when these sentiments are habitual, are capable of starting organic changes and genuine diseases. . . . Emotions induce . . . striking modifications of the tissues and humors. Thought can generate organic lesions, . . . states of consciousness (can) bring about . . . organic disorders. . . ." If it is true, as Dr. Carrel here maintains, that the mind can produce real organic diseases, may we conclude that the mind can likewise cure them? On that point the experts themselves still disagree, so each one is free to draw his own tentative conclusion.

Some spiritual healers frankly admit they use religious suggestion; others, however, do not admit that and lay claim to a special gift, a well-nigh omnipotent curative force. God is infinite healing power and they have a special gift enabling them to tap that divine reservoir; God works through their instrumentality. They liken their gift to Christ's own power of healing and pretend to trace their possession of it to Christ's promise.

These claims are not only rash but false, and involve besides a long series of errors. For instance: (1) They put their own cures in the same class with Christ's, whereas the miraculous cures wrought by the Son of God are in a class by themselves. He made no distinction between curable and incurable diseases, between long-standing diseases and those of recent origin—they are all one to Him and He cured them all with equal facility, instantaneously and

permanently, by a word, a gesture, and even at a distance.

(2) The faith Christ looked for in those whom He healed was not a trust or confidence, not a rejection of "fear, worry, anxiety, doubt—all negatives"—as these spiritual healers maintain, but firm belief in Christ's divine mission and person, voluntary assent of the mind to that truth.

(3) By asserting Jesus promised the gift of healing to all His followers everywhere and always, they read more into the words of Christ's promise than they actually contain. Christ did confer the gift of healing directly upon His Apostles and He did make this promise: "And these signs shall attend those who believe . . . they shall lay hands upon the sick and they shall get well." (Mark 16:17, 18) Christ's prophecy does not say and does not guarantee that those signs would always and everywhere and in each single instance attend those who believe in Him. The Apostle St. Paul in his First Epistle to the Corinthians makes this very clear, for he asks a series of questions each of which implies an emphatic negative answer: "Are all Apostles? (No!) Are all prophets? (No!) Are all teachers? (No!) Are all workers of miracles? (No!) Do all have the gift of healing? (No!)" (12:27, 31) The gift of healing, then, was promised to the Church to be exercised, not indeed as part of her ordinary daily ministrations, but only when, where, and to the extent required in order to attain the end for which it was given, namely, to prove the Divinity of Christ and His Church and the truth of His religion.

(4) Sometimes explicitly, and at all times implicitly, these spiritual healers erroneously hold and teach that Jesus Christ founded Christianity as a healing religion. That is absolutely untrue; and if it were true, how explain the fact that He failed to set the example, as a Founder would and should, by curing all those whom He knew to be sick, incapacitated, or handicapped in any way? Jesus Christ as well as His Apostles never offered Christianity to men as a means of obtaining physical benefits, but spiritual benefits; and men did not then and do not now accept Christ's religion for the sake of their temporal welfare but their eternal welfare. Christ did indeed usher in a new era and dispensation, but not of medicine.

In conclusion, we shall set down a few general rules governing the use and practice of spiritual healing which is, as we have seen, a mode of mental healing that makes use of suggestion based upon religious considerations, motives, and appeal. (1) A Catholic may not lay claim to the Biblical gift of healing. (2) A Catholic may not practice spiritual healing, but while doing so must rigidly exclude all superstition and scrupulously avoid the use of any words or expressions that are not strictly in accord with the teachings of the Catholic Church. And, if a cure is effected through his application of this method, that result must be attributed not to any special personal gift, but to natural forces which God has created for man's use and which He Himself employs when they are sufficient for His purpose. (3) A Catholic may not ask for the ministrations of a non-Catholic spiritual healer. This does not mean, of course, that a Catholic may not be treated by a non-Catholic psychiatrist, psychologist, or other mental therapist who might make use of religious considerations, etc., derived from the religious belief of the patient he is treating, but it does definitely mean that a Catholic may not attend the religious healing services conducted by non-Catholic ministers like Dr. Price, or quasi ministers like Catherine Huleman. (4) A Catholic may seek the help of a truly Catholic spiritual healer, provided that is done without superstition, scandal, or vainglory; and, in serious cases, only after recourse has been had, if possible, to the more ordinary and usually available services of doctors.



50 Years a Country Doctor



From—Three Lions

Walking up the rough path leading to a sick farmer's home, Dr. Oscar Young symbolizes the lonely plight of the disappearing country doctor

HAM HOCKS and chickens have given way to dollars as the popular way to pay the modern country doctor for his healing labors, but that has not stopped the stout-hearted rural medico from becoming almost as rare a man as the "last of the Mohicans." While young medical school graduates flock to the cities for specialization and its lucrative financial rewards, the small army of doctors serving the American farmer grows smaller and older by the year.

A typical veteran country doctor is Oscar C. Young, who has been caring for the ills of the inhabitants in a 500-square-mile area around Charlestown, New Hampshire, for more than fifty years. Starting in the early 1900's, Doctor Young made his rounds in one of the finest horse and buggy rigs of which Charlestown could boast. Some years after the advent of the automobile, he was finally persuaded to give up the horses for the machine. "This is a machine age," he admits with a nostalgic glimmer in his eyes, "even up here in the country." Today, he makes his home visits in the latest model Dodge coupé.

There's hardly a person in the Charlestown area whom Doctor Young doesn't know well enough to call by his first name. He grew up with the oldest generation, and has been caring



Doctor Young's 500-square-mile territory is typical of what frightens new medicos

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**Fifty years is a long tour
of duty, even for Oscar C. Young,
New Hampshire country doctor**

for most of those under 50 ever since they were babes in arms. A "farm boy" at heart, he still manages to cultivate a few acres of his own small farm when time allows. On sick calls, he can discuss dairy prices, the fruit crop, parity, crop rotation, and the care of cattle almost as expertly as the most experienced of his farmer patients.

Doctor Young's day begins early with calls to the homes of very sick patients, sometimes as far away as twenty-five to thirty miles. When away from his office, he leaves notice where he can be reached for emergencies. Such calls often interrupt a night's sleep, but the eighty-four-year-old physician is just as faithful in answering them as he was in his younger days. Afternoons he spends at the office receiving patients who may range in age from eight-day-old infants with colic to eighty-year-old gentlemen suffering from arthritis. Each receives the same attentive care seasoned by Doctor Young's years of experience and wealth of medical knowledge, which he continually refreshes from reports on the latest medical research.

In his lifetime of country doctoring, Oscar Young has not significantly enriched himself in terms of material rewards; but he has won himself a place among the people of Charles-town that money could never buy.



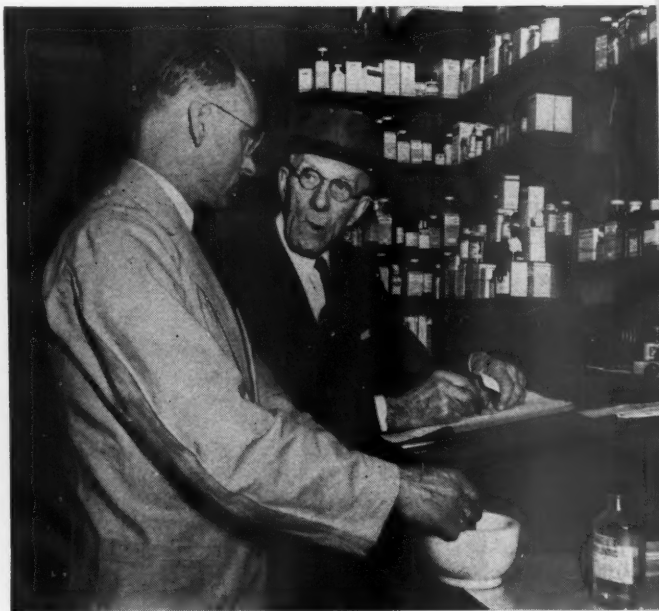
**Next patient please!
Doctor Young often
serves as his
own receptionist
while nurse is
busy elsewhere**



**The doctor
checks patient's
pulse during
blood pressure
test. Supper
comes later**



**A part-time nurse is the only assistant on hand to
help the doctor with day's schedule of appointments**



**Pharmacist Frank Bushee often hears from Doctor Young
regarding special prescriptions that need his attention**

**A SIGN
PICTURE STORY**



A call at 3:25 A.M. wakes Doctor Young from his sleep. Country doctors are always on 24-hour call



Case proves to be slight heart attack. The doctor orders patient to rest, writes out prescription



Lighting his way with a lantern, the doctor knocks on the door of farmhouse where an elderly woman is sick



After more sleep, Doctor Young starts out early on his routine morning calls in his new Dodge coupé



On daytime calls Doctor Young can take time to discuss favorite subject, farming, with farmer-friends



A pause to sip from a bucket of maple sap provides a bit of refreshment before doctor goes on his way



In his early years as Charlestown's physician, Doctor Young used this fancy rig to travel the countryside

Woman to Woman

by KATHERINE BURTON

Bad Boys and Religion

FOR SOME TIME, down in Washington, experts have been giving their opinions at the Senate hearings on juvenile delinquency. Two of the speakers have been studying the subject for twenty-five years and have recently made a study of five hundred bad boys and five hundred good ones, all from the same slum area in Boston. The result was the interesting statement that a small percentage of the bad boys were healthier than the good boys and that they were "more vivacious." In fact, said the experts, the bad boys had the very qualities that frequently make outstanding men.

Mr. Othman, from whose column in the *World Telegram* I drew this information, remarked facetiously that, with all these efforts of twenty-five years to see why bad boys are bad and good boys are good, no one seemed sure yet, and it also seemed to him that the Senators would not come up with any useful laws to make bad boys good. Of course, he is right, and his remark has its serious truth. Laws do not make bad boys good. Laws can give them an opportunity to be good, can give them a protecting environment and schools, can protect them from being overworked—but to make a bad boy good is something no law can do. That is done elsewhere. So far no one has come up with any absolute conclusions. There is no doubt, however, that many of these people have not looked into one potent source for making and keeping children good. You must give a child faith in you, faith in himself and, above all, faith in God. Unfortunately, many of the experts today don't consider religion an important factor and no doubt do not include it in their lists of questions.

Fr. Drumgoole's Example

MANY YEARS AGO, a little boy came from Ireland with his mother, who was a good mother and a fine example. Sister Rose White, of Mother Seton's original little group, and Father Malou, a French Jesuit who had once been one of the heads of the Belgian army, taught him the Faith as well as arithmetic. He grew up in the midst of poverty. He wanted to be a priest, but he was a middle-aged man before he was ordained. He was a priest for only nineteen years, and during that time he worked with the children of the city's poor, children who at that time had nothing and no one to help them. The few orphan asylums were inadequate to meet the demand. Father John Drumgoole set himself to do something about it. He took them into the house the Vincentians had started for newsboys, and from that simple beginning he built and built larger and larger homes for his children. When he died, seventeen hundred children were sheltered in his homes—orphans, abandoned boys and girls. He was, in a way, a forerunner of modern methods of child care for delinquents, but he added what some never have.

He believed in Providence, for one thing, and to him Providence was the never-ending love of God. Long before Father Flanagan said it, he was saying that there are no bad children and he was proving it over and over. Each was to him a child of God, and all that was needed to

bring the errant child back, to make him good and keep him good, was to love him, give him shelter, believe in him, and tell him of God's love for him.

When his work became well known, he was asked to give a talk at a meeting of charity heads at Saratoga, and this is what he said: "The heart is the battlefield of the soul; it is there the struggle between vice and virtue takes place. It is there the foundation of a good life or a bad life is laid. All that children want are kind acts and kind words to make them an honor to the country." And then he emphasized the need of teaching them about God and his love for children.

Mr. Sheed's Advice

WHILE WRITING this, I began to ponder on one further thing: the fact that even when children are taught faith there is still one further need: they must understand what they are being told about it. This, Father Drumgoole could do. This, a good many of our teachers do today, but I began wondering if even in Catholic schools faith is always taught so that it is understood. And then in the morning mail—things like this do happen now and then and I am not making this up—a small book came to me. It was a paper-bound book, written by F. J. Sheed, and it was called *Are We Really Teaching Religion?* He was answering the question I was asking.

He said that, first of all, the teacher of religion must give himself or herself to the task—"not hand out religion like the post office handing out stamps." The teacher must not be harsh or sarcastic—"a lion if you will in other classes, but a lamb in the religion class. The children must learn that religion is love, and if they forget everything else, if that stays, they will keep their faith later."

He believes in very little punishment in religion classes—"if they are merely day dreaming, try to be more interesting than their dreams." He thinks the religion class is a wonderful place for learning to forgive seventy times seven. He thinks it should not really be considered a class or a part of school life; the religion teacher is there only as a "maturer member of the Church." They should be explainers too—"the catechism makes it possible to teach doctrine without knowing doctrine, so that often, when one questions grown Catholics, they know the catechism answers still but there is trouble when one asks the meaning of these answers." Many of our Catholic children, when grown, know many good and pious practices, but often the essentials are vague in their minds.

Children need, he says, to know four things—what God is, what man is, what Christ is, what union is, that is union with God in Christ. But it is a great temptation to go on quoting from the readable and valuable little book which was in its beginning a series of talks to teaching Sisters in Ireland. Better get it and read it for yourself, whether you are a teacher of religion in school or a mother, who is surely also, or should be, a teacher of religion. And I shall permit myself one more quotation: "Unless there is co-operation between teachers and parents, religious instruction will go limping."



Sponge fisherman Gilbert Roland and Robert Wagner watch as J. Carrol Naish "tells off" Jacques Aubuchon in "Beneath the Twelve-Mile Reef"

by **JERRY COTTER**

Reviews in Brief

CinemaScope concentrates on the visual beauties of the Florida Gulf Coast in a widescreen plunge called **BENEATH THE TWELVE-MILE REEF**. Conflict between the Greek sponge divers of Tarpon Springs and the English operators of Key West is the basis for the gossamer plot, but the underwater wonders far outshine the drama. Pictorially, this is superb, storywise it is second-rate. Robert Wagner and Terry Moore are merely adequate as conventional romancers, but J. Carrol Naish, Gilbert Roland, and Richard Boone acquit themselves creditably. A pleasantly exciting family excursion to a finny wonderland. (20th Century-Fox)

If there is any moviegoer not well versed in the business of producing a Broadway musical, **GIVE A GIRL A BREAK** has the answer. Of course it's been made a thousand times before, but this version does have fresh choreography, a capable cast, and a mildly entertaining script. Those ingredients guarantee a relaxing hour for the family audience. The dancing Champions, Marge and Gower, share the spotlight with Debbie Reynolds in this light-stepping Technicolor package. (M-G-M)

Red Skelton essays a slow-paced comedy role in **THE GREAT DIAMOND ROBBERY** with humorous results. He plays an assistant diamond cutter who falls into the hands of thieves who use him as a pawn in a fabulous diamond haul. There is a rhinestone glitter to the plot, but the dialogue is occasionally amusing and Skelton does make his familiar fumbling enjoyable for the family. (M-G-M)

KING OF THE KHYBER RIFLES transports the CinemaScope cameras to the India of 1857 where Afridi tribesmen make life miserable for Her Majesty's troops. This being the centennial year of British rule, the affront is doubly annoying. But with Tyrone Power serving as Captain of the Khyber Rifles, all is not lost. The panorama is impressively projected by the anamorphic lens, often relegating the human puppets to an insignificant role. Power is properly determined and distraught as the half-caste officer uniquely honored but not universally accepted by the Peshawar garrison. Terry Moore is a rather colorless heroine, but Michael Rennie, John Justin, and Guy Rolfe are assets. A fairly exciting widescreen eye-exercise. (20th Century-Fox)

Walt Disney's addiction to swashbuckling historicals is fortunate for moviegoers who relish adventure with a flourish. **ROB ROY**, as indeed most of the Disney live-action dramas, does not claim to be factual history, but it most certainly is adroitly designed entertainment. Scottish defiance of the British king, with Rob Roy MacGregor as a prime mover

in the revolt of the clans, serves as basis for a brisk, exciting flashback to days of Highland glory. Richard Todd, Glynis Johns, James Robertson Justice, and Finlay Currie measure up in every way to the requirements of this lusty epic. The mists of Scotland do not obscure the beauty of the Highlands where this family adventure was filmed. (RKO-Disney)

WAR ARROW makes one new contribution to the pioneer parade. This sprawling, action-filled Western finds two Indian tribes warring in Texas. The Seminoles are on the side of the U.S. Cavalry, which leaves the Kiowas biting the dust as the battles rage. It's colorful, fast-moving, and acted with spirit by Maureen O'Hara, Jeff Chandler, John McIntire, and Suzan Ball. (Universal-International)

HEIDI is a charming adaptation of the ever-popular childhood classic by Johanna Spyri. Filmed in the Swiss Alps and in Frankfurt, it features a German cast, with Elsbeth Sigmund handling the title role in a refreshingly sincere style. Mountain backgrounds, faithfully framed, add further charm to a story that should appeal to all parents who remember its juvenile enchantments. For the youngsters its attraction is a foregone conclusion. (United Artists)

Marlon Brando and a tribe of fellow hedonists take over a town in **THE WILD ONE** and proceed to demonstrate the results of unbridled passions. This isn't a pretty picture, nor very entertaining, but it has been snatched from the headlines and, as such, merits attention. Members of a motorcycle club, the youths wreck cars, defy police, insult the townsfolk, and end their truculence only when faced with a possible lynching. Far-fetched? Not exactly, for this is based on an actual case in California. In pointing up a bitter situation, the scenarist failed to provide a satisfactory moral solution, and there is an unfortunate excess of brutal action in depicting a major delinquency problem. Mary Murphy and Robert Kieth match Brando's fine portrayal. The method, if not the message, is objectionable here. (Columbia)

The hardy souls who climb precipitous peaks "because they are there," have supplied us milquetoasts with vicarious chills, thrills, and gasps. **ANNAPURNA** is the film story of an ascent made in 1951 when the 26,500 foot Himalayan mountain was conquered by two men. In expertly photographed documentary style, the expedition is covered from earnest preparation to the heartbreaking, dangerous descent. Beautiful, even when grimmest, this vivid Technicolor production is strongly recommended to armchair adventurers of every age. (Mayer-Kingsley)

KNIGHTS OF THE ROUND TABLE is based on Sir Thomas Malory's *Le Morte d'Arthur*, with such fabled figures as Guinevere, Lancelot, Merlin, and Morgan LeFay sharing the tinted widescreen. It is a colorful and spectacular adventure story, filmed in England with all the paraphernalia of the medieval melodramas. Its visual effects are well worth attention, even though Malory's tale is by now a wee bit threadbare. Robert Taylor's Lancelot is on the sober side, but Ava Gardner, Mel Ferrer, Anne Crawford, and Felix Aylmer play knights and ladies to the manner born. Exciting, vigorous moviemaking with Technicolor, CinemaScope, and a time-tested fable as major attractions. (M-G-M)

The story of the Hope Diamond is the basis for an often ludicrous melodrama cluttered with ideas which characterized moviemaking of a past generation. Titled **THE DIAMOND QUEEN**, the picture verges on the ridiculous more often than it measures up as exciting fare. Nepal is

the setting, but it might as well have been Dead Man's Gulch, for this is merely a very trite and very dull variation on a very old theme. Arlene Dahl, Fernando Lamas, Gilbert Roland, and a neatly cut piece of photogenic glass are the main attractions. (Warner Bros.)

THE GLENN MILLER STORY is a diverting variation on the musical biography formula, enlivened by zingy Miller arrangements and given stature by June Allyson's glowing performance. James Stewart plays the ambitious band-leader convincingly, but it is not his happiest assignment. While the unique Glenn Miller arrangements brighten the musical interludes, the story should have been shorter and less repetitious. In the main it is an interesting, albeit idealized, account of the trombonist who became a pace-setter in the orchestral field. Miller's untimely death on a foggy, World War II morning provides a misty-eyed climax to a custom-made musical. (Universal-International)

The New Plays

THE PRESCOTT PROPOSALS attempts to reaffirm some basic U.N. principles. As a secondary gesture, it calls for a rally round the cause of international agreement, while marking time for the Big Bear to make up his mind. There is a lot to be said for any honorable method of securing world peace, and playwrights Howard Lindsay and Russel Crouse say most of it in this melodramatic glimpse behind the U.N. façade. Were it not for the stark reality of the headlines, we might even accept their idealism at face value. They have been most fortunate in securing Katharine Cornell to play their United States delegate in this semi-thriller, for without the warmth and distinction she imparts, there wouldn't be much to recommend. Cast as a member of the U.S. team about to present proposals for a new approach to world problems, Miss Cornell is faced with a major crisis when a member of the Czech delegation dies of a heart attack in her apartment. The French,

★Robert Taylor and Ava Gardner in the screen version of the legendary "Knights of the Round Table"



THE SIGN

British, and Pakistan members of the committee on which she serves carry the body off. The wily Russian member threatens to ruin the plan, just as he hamstringing U.N. progress in the committee room. In time for the final curtain, he relents and displays a heart as golden and true as any Western diplomat by protecting the lady's reputation and, we presume, heralding international co-operation on an even larger scale. The authors have captured the flavor of the U.N. atmosphere, there is considerable suspense in their play, and the entire production is opulent and smooth. But it is the manner in which the star and supporting cast succeed in holding the audience that sets this apart from the usual run of propaganda.

At peak level, **JOHN MURRAY ANDERSON'S ALMANAC** is a bright and novel revue, but in the valleys it is inclined to be merely mediocre and more than a bit on the ribald side. Its clowns are riotous when they have the proper material, its décor is stunning enough to satisfy the most critical, the cast is enthusiastically effective, and two or three of the sketches are hilarious. Jean Kerr provides the best of the latter in "Don Brown's Body," a biting satire which slaughters dramatic readings and Mickey Spillane in one swoop. Hermione Gingold, imported from London, and Billy DeWolfe, rescued from Hollywood, register well as funmakers, while Harry Belafonte, Nanci Crompton, and Orson Bean, singer, dancer, and monologist, supply the other highlights. Producers Michael Grace, Stanley Gilkey, and Harry Rigby have enlisted some mighty attractive and capable revuers in their cause. They are also saddled with some mighty uninspired material and music.

KISMET is a sprawling spectacle, lovely to behold and quite attractive to the ear, but without much to recommend in the way of comedy, story, or taste. The ornate trappings cannot conceal the fact that the plot is a ponderous rehash of another generation's favorite melodrama.

★Katharine Cornell, shown with Felix Aylmer and Roger Dann, stars in "The Prescott Proposals"



Alfred Drake's striking personality and fine voice are used to excellent advantage; Doretta Morrow is an attractive heroine; Richard Kiley, an excellent dramatic actor from TV, proves to be an equally effective musical comedy lead; and the score, based on Borodin's "Prince Igor," produces two haunting hits in "Stranger in Paradise" and "Baubles, Bangles, and Beads." The Jack Cole dances accent the sensual, and what comedy there is becomes monotonously suggestive long before the eye tires of the show's visual opulence.

Playguide

FOR THE FAMILY: *Late Love.*

FOR ADULTS:

The King and I; Dial M for Murder; Wonderful Town; The Teahouse of the August Moon; My Three Angels; Me and Juliet; The Prescott Proposals; The Solid Gold Cadillac, Sabrina Fair.

(On Tour) *Oklahoma*

PARTLY OBJECTIONABLE:

Kismet; John Murray Anderson's Almanac; South Pacific; Madam Will You Walk; Porgy and Bess; The Seven-Year Itch; Kind Sir.

(On Tour) *Wish You Were Here; New Faces; Guys and Dolls.*

COMPLETELY OBJECTIONABLE:

Tea and Sympathy; End as a Man; Picnic; Can-Can.

(On Tour) *Take a Giant Step; Pal Joey; Mister Roberts; Time of the Cuckoo; I Am a Camera; Goodnite Ladies.*

★Barton MacLane with June Allyson, James Stewart, and their screen children in "The Glenn Miller Story"



A Shrine of Your Own

If you want God in your home, keep Him in sight with a reminder for all

by NORAH SMARIDGE

ODDLY enough, it is not the architecture that chiefly surprises visitors to the United Nations Headquarters. It is the prayer-room, set aside for meditation. Such a room should not surprise Catholics—but we may well be ashamed if our own homes contain no dedicated corner, where members of the family may pause to say a prayer.

Such should not be the case. Surely it is time to revive the lovely custom of the family shrine (called in Germany by the delightful name *Herrgottswinkel*—God's corner). Try it for spiritual enrichment.

Artistically, your shrine can be a beauty spot. Nor need it be static; you can vary it according to the changes in the Church's calendar, using a crib for Christmas, a crucifix for Lent, a Madonna for May, and so on. Or enthrone replicas of patron saints.

Whatever your choice, remember that your shrine will be seen by callers, repair men, the family doctor, and others. Not all will be Catholics; you may thus be called upon to explain this manner of paying homage, in your home, to Our Lord and His saints.

So-called "religious novelties" are best avoided; a shrine is no place for angels that look like kewpie-dolls, or weather-vanes in which St. Joseph slides into Loretto as a sign of rain.

Don't be deterred if your budget is small. Appealing shrines can be contrived with inexpensive statues, set among ivies and philodendron in simple glass bowls. Flowers are often expensive, but plants can be equally effective.

Shrines can be adapted to all kinds of interiors. A career girl, homesick in her

rented room, copied an Italian shrine. She built a shelf across a corner of the room. Behind it, she hung a blue velvet curtain. On the shelf she enthroned a Hummel Madonna, an exquisite ceramic in pure white.

A family in a big, old-fashioned home copied an idea from their daughter's convent school. They made their shrine "at the bend in the staircase." Facing down the stairs, at the top of the first flight, hung a large color reproduction of Raphael's *Madonna of the Chair*. At night, the picture was illuminated by indirect lighting.

For the shrine in the children's bedroom, where romping might cause unintentional irreverence, it is safest to use a picture, placed on the wall at the children's eye-level. A shelf below will hold flowers. Let each child have his own vase (but vases are perfect) and don't be aghast at anything he may bring. The Christ Child will accept with pleasure from His little ones even so humble an offering as wilted dandelions.

Hummel Guardian Angels are won-

derfully appealing for the children's shrine; looking like big brothers of the children they cherish, they make instant appeal to small children, and give immediacy to the reminder "Your Guardian Angel is watching!"

Your family shrine will enrich your Catholic life; it will make visible, as it were, the beauty and sublimity of your Faith, expressing through the power of the sculptor or painter those great, eternal truths which our minds can picture but dimly. For the little ones, the shrine will prove a primer of their religion. For the older members of the family, it will be a source of edifying comfort. For your non-Catholic callers it will have a missionary message. It may open, for some, a spiritual door that will lead to the greatest shrine of all—the shrine of true faith, the Catholic Church.

NORAH A. SMARIDGE has written for *Woman's Home Companion*, *Good Housekeeping*, etc. Her column for young readers appears weekly in the *Advocate* (Newark, N. J.) and *Catholic Action of the South*.



Religious News Service

Ideal for Marian Year, a Marian shrine for the home

Books

THE LITTLE ARK

By Jan de Hartog.
Harper.

213 pages.
\$2.75

On the night of January 31, 1953, a northwesterly hurricane combined with a big spring tide to give the Dutch people one of the worst disasters in the history of their country. A tidal wave eighteen feet high broke the dikes of southwest Holland and swept across the land, smashing everything in its way.



J. de Hartog

To the world, the flood was a calamity. To Jan Brink and Adinda de la Maison Rouge, the ten-year-old hero and eleven-year-old heroine of *The Little Ark*, the flood brought grim and exciting adventure.

Jan and Adinda are the adopted children of old Parson Grijpma and his wife. During the inundation, the parson and his wife are separated, but their children manage to remain together. With the help of some of the toughest sailors afloat, Jan and Adinda, along with their assorted pets—Bussy the pup, Ko the white rabbit, Noisette the kitten, and Prince the tyrannical cock—sail out the storm on Mrs. Ool's houseboat. Before the waters recede, the occupants of the ark witness a whole series of extraordinary events.

Like his earlier novel, *The Lost Sea*, De Hartog's latest is a clever story about children written in an evanescent style. *The Little Ark* may add little to its author's well-established reputation, but it has enough charm, humor, movement, and suspense to add up to enjoyable light reading.

GEORGE A. CEVASCO.

SAYONARA

By James A. Michener.
Random House.

243 pages.
\$3.50

It is probable that it was the novelty as well as the poignancy of the theme of John Luther Long's famous story of Madame Butterfly and Lieutenant Pinkerton, rather than his writing skill, that piqued the interest of Belasco and then Puccini. It is the warm and human and tender way in which James Michener retells that elder story that so tremendously matters in his new novel *Sayonara*. No modern novelist has a nicer feel

for the moods of the Pacific Orient and the subtle and specific power with which they play upon the lives of men and women touched by them.

Sayonara is a Japanese word that compounds a somewhat extra sadness to the English "farewell." It is an unusually apt and expressive title for this story of the loves of two American soldiers of the Japanese Occupation Forces for two individual women of Nippon. The main story is that of Air Force Major Lloyd Gruver and the exquisite Takarazuka actress and dancer, Hana-ogi; but in superbly rich counterpoint to it is the rich, earthy, and yet somehow very sacramental, love of the Dead-End-Kid Private Joe Kelly for his dumpy war-bride, Katsumi.

In either case, the ending is "sayonara;" but Mr. Michener implies that if it were not for official Army stupidity against "fraternization" in a wholesome way, and the individual bigotry of men and women frozen into inhumanity by the rigors of the Army caste system, "sayonara" might not necessarily have had to have been said.

There are two tender tragedies the novelist tells in this his most distinguished work, but there is humor and laughter as well as poetic tenderness all the way. Joe Kelly is the most believable serviceman in literature today; and Mr. Michener is properly impudent in ridiculing the pompously stupid noises that blow out of Army "brass." Yet at the same time, he creates a Hana-ogi as lyrically lovely as a picture by the great Utamaro.

DORAN HURLEY.

TREASURE OF THE SUN

By Adeline Attwood.
Houghton Mifflin.

218 pages.
\$3.00

Inca legendary continues to fascinate both the treasure hunters and the story tellers. In this simple, but effective first novel, Mrs. Attwood weaves a colorful fable around the Treasure of Atahualpa.

In retrospect, the simplicity of her story is indeed deceiving, for, within the framework of an Indian legend, the author gives a lucid picture of stark existence and its effect. Virtue and vice, hope



Adeline Attwood

and hatred, degradation and dignity are in the vivid canvas she creates. If there is an occasional blurring of hues, it is a fault which will be eliminated with experience. In some spots Mrs. Attwood's frankness may be objectionable to some, but it is never really offensive. The padre of her fable is a man of God who fights the evils and ignorance of the world, without ever springing to life. His impact on Mrs. Attwood's story is shadowy.

But the principal characters—Illoma, the stolid Indian maid, the grossly sensual Teniente, who seeks the treasure of her people, and Quiello, her fiercely proud father, who blends his Catholicity with tribal folklore—these three hold your attention to the final tragic, pagan episode. *Treasure of the Sun* brings a promising writer into focus and offers the reader an absorbing account of life in a remote Andean valley.

JERRY COTTER.

CRESS DELEHANTY

Jessamyn West.
Harcourt, Brace.

311 pages.
\$3.75

Cress Delehanty is to most modern novels about American girls as the moon is to a rush candle. After an opening chapter that seems rather arty and strained, the book develops in a crescendo of comedy and pathos and gains a magic all its own.



Jessamyn West

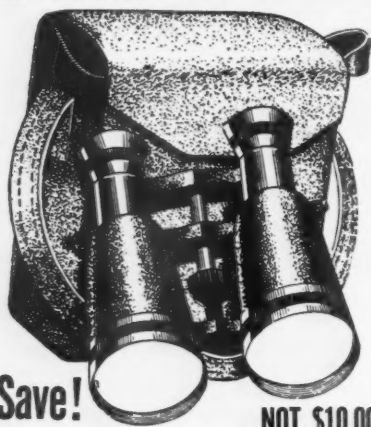
The daughter of a rancher, Cress at twelve years fills notebooks with "Beautiful, Lifting Phrases from Shelley" and poses in front of the looking glass. She journeys through various kinds of unrequited love, clowning, or easing her pangs by writing "I love Calvin Dean" one hundred times. At the end she is showing the beginnings of a fine and gifted woman.

Jessamyn West's writing is finished, vivid, and often hilarious. Her youngsters are masterpieces of bounce; not just Cress, but Honor Gallagher, the calmed-down tomboy; Bernadine Deevers with her mauve decade melodrama, and above all, that Contemplative, Junior Grade, Edwin Kibbler, Cress' myopic but redoubtable swain.

Different but just as real is the pleasure given by the scenes of countryside and weather; Cress' warm relationship with her parents; the deft handling of

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Cress' infatuation for the dying Mr. Cornelius.

Short stories originally published in such dissimilar magazines as *The New Yorker*, *Collier's*, *Woman's Day*, and *Harper's Magazine*, they have been here adapted to produce a complete and delightful character study. Cress may not be a likely candidate for a 4-H Club or the All-American girl, but like Alcott's and Tarkington's children, she is the stuff of which a nation's dreams can be made.

CLORINDA CLARKE.

FABULOUS ANCESTOR

By Donald Demarest.
Lippincott.

288 pages.
\$3.50

In 1930, when Demarest was ten years old, he lived for a while in the old house on Felicity Street where his maternal grandmother presided over the coarsening remnants of New Orleans' Creole aristocracy. "Granny" was a wit and a prophet, thoroughly at home in this world and just as thoroughly intent on her preparations for the next.



D. Demarest

We see her, at bedtime, enthroned in her ante-bellum four-poster, munching on pecans and saying her rosary. We see her striding proprietorially through St. Louis Cathedral and stage-whispering to her grandson, "Cher, it's the only cathedral outside of Rome entirely supported by tourists' contributions. I'm told that St. Patrick's in New York is wildly jealous." We see her on New Year's Eve, surrounded by her sons and their wives. Tanta Bebe, her beloved friend and companion, has brought her a gift, a parrot. "It was brought up in a convent," says Bebe. "I'm sure you'll find its conversation edifying." The reader is likely to find it hilarious, for just as the chatter reaches its richest and most gossipy, the bird produces its first squawk. "*Mea culpa!*" it rasps, and a few seconds later, "*Ora pro nobis!*"

Looking back through memory's misty lens, Demarest can inventory what he learned during his stay with Granny. From Mr. Ligurno, the tailor, he had learned how to press pants. From Uncle Bob and Father Sebastien, the seamen's priest, that to abandon the faith is to find oneself in an unendurable vacuum. And from his fabulous grandmother, the fact that the only source of all human meaning and happiness is divine grace. In those eleven months with Granny, he recalls, he grew up. "Everybody," he comments, "has it sooner or later—that fateful year. Some when they are twenty and some when they are forty and some when they are eighty-two. It

A new novel by LOUIS DE WOHL about ST. FRANCIS XAVIER

The story of the great missionary and saint who went by order of St. Ignatius Loyola to "set all afire" in the Orient—"recorded with fine understanding . . . Xavier's generosity speaks to every age and seldom so clearly and compellingly as in this book."—FRANCIS SWEENEY, *N. Y. Times Book Review*.

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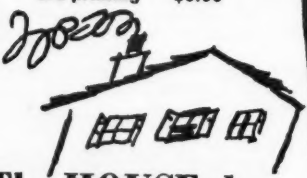
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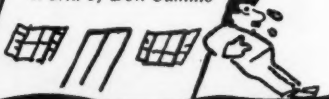


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made in some spectacular way, and the editor's conviction that the religious life is "not a flight from reality but a flight to reality," are the twin texts upon which this volume is built.

One thing it proves at the outset—that there is no single "convent type." Some of the Sisters writing so happily of their varied and vital activities—prayer, teaching, nursing the sick, social services in nearby slums, or missionary work in the Orient—were what we call home girls, others the athletic type. A few were and remain poets, many were teachers or business executives, one was a busy lawyer. And while some longed for the cloister, others fought against it almost up to the moment of entry. Only two things they seem to share: an extraordinary desire to know and do God's will and an extraordinary power of love for God and His wandering children.

A book with so much power for good deserves a place in every Catholic school or parish library. Perhaps future editions may join some symbolic beauty of cover and jacket to the fine and legible type.

KATHERINE BREGY.

OUR SECRET ALLIES

By Eugene Lyons. 376 pages.
Duell, Sloan & Pearce-Little Brown.
\$4.50.

Mr. Lyons, now an editor of the *Reader's Digest*, was stationed in Moscow from 1928 to 1934 as a United Press reporter. Those years were a deeply searing experience, for they turned Mr. Lyons from sympathy for to hatred of Communism and sparked a continuing interest in Russia and the fate of her peoples. One of the fruits of that interest is this book.



Eugene Lyons

The belief that there is unity between the Kremlin and the peoples of Russia is a gigantic propaganda myth. This is the starting point of Mr. Lyons' book. He argues that Communism was foisted on Russia, that it never has been embraced by the people, and that, indeed, Russia is a nation occupied from within by a detested minority.

Despite the massive efforts of the Soviets to create a "new man," there is no such creature. The "old man" remains, and he is a potential ally of the West in its struggle with the Kremlin. The Russian, however, is not now "in revolt," Mr. Lyons emphasizes. "There is no fire, but the inflammable stuffs for a conflagration are piled high against the time when internal or external events may apply the match."

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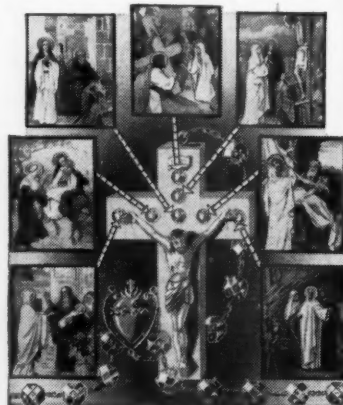
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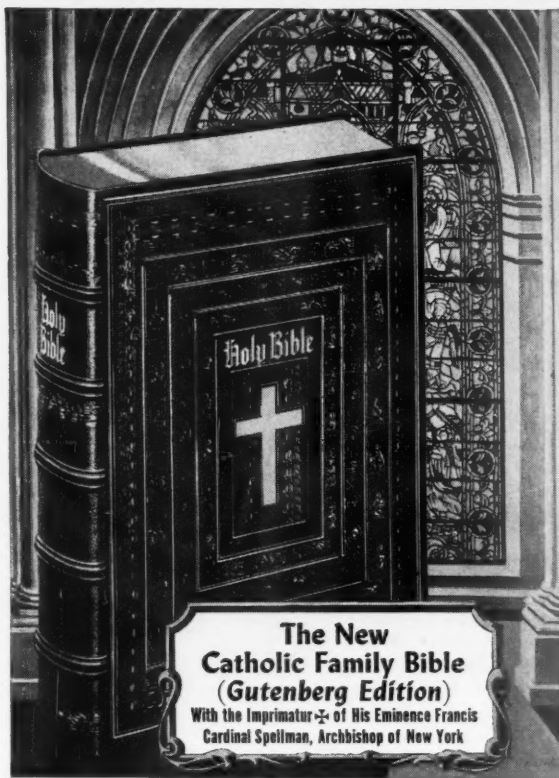
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This is, indeed, a dramatic prescription, and it loses none of its drama in Mr. Lyons' forceful presentation in a book that should be widely pondered.

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C. Wertenbaker

than casually knows that magazine, indicate that in the generality it was never far from his thoughts. The underlying theme of the novel is that weekly news magazines are not *news* magazines at all, but rather editorially directed journals of opinion, with their stories designed to sway readers' sentiments rather than give them cold, factual news reporting.

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By Phyllis G. Demarest. 377 pages.
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In her first novel Miss Demarest joins the long and ever-growing list of writers who scoff at the divine institution of marriage and the consequent prohibition of divorce, insisting that any arguments against its indissolubility spring only from tradition. This is the theme of the "true novel" which after long research in records of Civil War times unfolds the turbulent married life of Abby Sage, beautiful and talented young woman of New England, and her ne'er-do-well and handsome husband, Daniel McFarland, continually drunk and frequently abusive toward her. The support of their two children falls on Abby, who turns to writing and acting in New York where she meets many of the famous people of the time.

Her meeting with Albert Richardson, a war correspondent for Horace Greeley's *Tribune*, leads to romance, divorce—finally, murder when McFarland in a jealous rage shoots and kills him. The trial of the murderer is one of the highlights of the book, presenting a glimpse of the courtroom of that day and the bible—quoting attorneys who juggle the fifth and sixth commandments to suit the case of their respective clients.

With life portraits to aid her, Miss Demarest's characters are finely etched, each wholly unconscious of his guilt as in the end when Abby remarks, "He (McFarland) had not gotten out of life any more than she had, only less."

ELIZABETH M. NUGENT.

SHORT NOTICES

SAINTS OFF PEDESTALS. By Rev. Thomas W. Cunningham. 208 pages. Washington Irving Co. \$2.86. The Vice-President of Seton Hall has written this collection of stories and essays to show that saints are people. Among them are members of every class and calling who share their devoted obedi-

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ence to the will of God. Some of the saints discussed are fictional. Others, like St. Thomas More and St. John Fisher, are historical. Most interesting, however, are Mother Seton and Archbishop Bayley, of Newark and Baltimore. Neither has been canonized, but each gives American readers the awareness that some of God's heroes have walked the streets they know.

THE TRINITY IN OUR SPIRITUAL LIFE. By Dom Columba Marmion, O.S.B. 284 pages. Newman. \$3.50. On the occasion of Christmas, 1908, Dom Columba Marmion, the saintly Benedictine spiritual guide and theologian, made an act of consecration to the Blessed Trinity. This dedication was the crest of his mounting spiritual enterprise and experience. In familiar liturgical language, it presents the whole doctrine of the Trinity in its relationship to the human soul. Dom Raymund Thibaut, O.S.B., official editor of Marmion's work, compiles passages from all of Marmion's writings as commentary material on the act of consecration. There results an abridged statement of both Marmion's spiritual doctrine and his theological understanding of the Trinity. Readers who favor solidly based spiritual diet and are not yet acquainted with the holy Abbot will find this volume an excellent introduction to him. From that point on, it would take great restraint to remain ignorant of the larger Marmion classics from which *The Trinity In Our Spiritual Life* is culled.

PAUL THE APOSTLE. By Giuseppe Ricciotti. 540 pages. Bruce. \$7.50. *The Life of Christ* established Abbot Ricciotti's reputation as a scholar who can write a popular and engaging history without sacrificing scientific exactness. Miss Alba Zizzamia's excellent English version of that book won her renown in the very difficult art of translation. The reputations of both author and translator are enhanced by the publication of *Paul the Apostle*. The reviewer, who is well acquainted with Pauline literature, has no hesitation in acclaiming *Paul the Apostle* the best general study of St. Paul ever published in the English language. The "Introduction" (pp. 3-179) is a popular, but scientifically sound, presentation of the historical information necessary to view Paul's life and work in proper perspective. The chapter, "History of Criticism," could have been written only by a scholar thoroughly conversant with the literature on Paul, non-Catholic as well as Catholic, in many languages. An excellent feature of the "Biography" (pp. 184-523) is the skillful manner in which brief discussion on the Epistles, their authenticity, style, and content are interwoven with the thread of the narrative.

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WHY RUSSIA BETRAYED THE COMMUNISTS

(Continued from page 15)

lieve. Actually, the purpose of the
"united front" is to frustrate economic
and social gains.

It is Russia's purpose to keep the
fires of revolution burning but banked,
against the day when Russia can move
in, to her profit, on civil wars. Were
the fires to break out now, Russia
would lose, whether the revolts were
successful or not. If successful without
Russian participation, they would at
best result in Communist regimes in
the Tito pattern. If failures, Russia's
chance would be gone. It happened in
Spain, where, as a result of Communist
brutality and wanton bloodshed, Com-
munism and Soviet Russia are anathema
even to the most violent opponents of
Franco. It happened to an only slightly
lesser extent in Greece.

While Russia uses the Communist
Parties to keep the fires banked during
the detour, the parties are also useful
for espionage and for propaganda to
weaken the West militarily and disrupt
its unity.

This scheme may, however, be
blocked, and Communism, if not the
Russian state, thereby cease to be a
threat to the free world. It can be
done, if the Communist leaders in the
West who are not voluntarily Russian
stooges and the Communist rank-and-
file can be made to realize that their
interests and those of Russia are op-
posed and that Russia has betrayed them.

Such realization can result in a cer-
tain amount of Titoism, but that does
not constitute any great threat to the
survival of the democracies. It can also,
as has already been proved in many
places, particularly in Italy, result in
ex-Communists working for legitimate
social and economic gains within the
more fertile field of Christian demo-
cracy. Such converts come most readily
from the "right-wing deviationists."

One of those in Italy was Professor
Tullio Savino, who resigned from the
Communists and last February joined
the Italian Social Democratic Party,
". . . so that some day our children
may be free from the danger of the
Fascist courts and the Communist gal-
lows."

We must not be lulled to sleep by
the Russian "detour." We must not
misinterpret the present anti-revolution
policy of the Western European Com-
munist Parties. We have been given a
little time. We must use it to remove
the fuel which feeds the banked fires
of discontent, before Russia can release
the flames against us, burning every-
thing we hold most dear.

THE BLACK BULL

(Continued from page 22)

killing ourselves the way we've done. Swenson, down river, gave me an idea the other day. Offered to let his oldest girl, Tina, come and stay with us and help out, so she could be near school. She's nearly fourteen and never had a day of school, living 'way down river like they do. She'd be a sight of help to you. What do you think?"

She leaned forward eagerly. "Oh, Jared, could we? She's a nice little thing and I'd love to have her. Maybe we could really do something for her, too."

"You could," he said.

OTHER plans began to emerge and he reflected them in words.

"... cabin fever, they always call it," he was saying. "But it's run a lot deeper than that with us. I've done things—shot off my mouth—all winter. Specially about blooded stock and all. Likely because I'm no blue-blood myself, I guess, and glory be for that. I was getting too big for my pants. I'm sorry about it all, sorry about your clothes. Things are going to be all different. We've got everything if only we see it that way. Time, too; to burn. That's the thing that fools a fellow—and the crazy idea that you can't afford things. . . . There's one or two things, Doria, that we can't afford not to have. Children, for instance. I've seen that, too, tonight—"

Exquisite currents of feeling were running through Doria, all of them keyed to that subtle tide of release that came of the black bull's going. Neither of them had any thought now of the bitter tide of words of the afternoon. And neither of them, Doria knew, had ever hated the other. Their minds and hearts had been twisted by the lash of thwarted nature.

"I thought of getting blue for the curtains," she said presently. "And sort of blue in the linoleum too. It'd brighten everything."

"Yes," he agreed. "And I know the kind of dress I'd like to see you in."

Presently Jared rose. He swung an arm. "Gosh, my back's good as new," he said. "That twist's all gone."

He lit the lamp, wound the clock, and looked at his "other" suit that hung in its place beneath the stairs. His tall figure and all the familiar movements stood out in the light of some exquisite graciousness and change. And this was true of all the homely objects in the room; the window, the kitchen pump, the worn white cupboard. Doria had thought she hated the old house; now she saw it in all its hidden nooks and crannies as a faithful, sentient thing that had served them well and waited long to be filled with the warmth and spirit it deserved.

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THEY RAN AWAY

(Continued from page 45)

At the newsstand I purchased a *Harper's* and a pack of cigarettes, and brought them back with me. "You shouldn't have," she said, but her smile was pleased. So together we waited, while the hands of the station clock crept minute by minute.

The train was due now and a bustle began, a rush of passengers. The nursing mother wrapped her infant and took it out to the platform. A bell started ringing. "Time to go," I said gently.

The long train was in; steel tapped on steel. Steam blew. And up ahead the conductor bawled, "All aboard."

She was suddenly close to me; as long ago in the night behind the library, she was in my arms. She must have remembered. For now, quietly, she said, "I like you, too, prof." And against my cheek, her young lips a second. "Bye now," she said. Then "Oh!" And, "Hello, you!" And those two words, blunt prose, were strangely eloquent; a sigh and a song of gladness, of joy in the morning.

More prosaic. Tom's words. "Where are you going?"

"I don't know," she said softly. And again, "I don't know."

"Me neither," he answered.

A whistle blew; the cars were jolting. Above the clamor I read his lips. "So we'll go together." Hand in hand they raced and made the last car, the train to Spokane, to some future unknown.

Three days later the story broke, made headlines. "Senator's son marries May Kelley," and, dreadfully in smaller print, "Elopes with expelled coed."

They have her name wrong, I thought—or perhaps not, but right at last. And I thought, wait till prexy reads this.

I had not long to wait. Time merely to take something to quiet my nerves and then another to brace them. The telephone rang.

President Stratton was disturbed. "The fools!" he fumed. "Egotistical, self-centered, self-indulgent! Loyal to nothing but to their own satisfactions. Well, nothing we can do. Themselves are to blame, no one else. They ran out on us."

"On their children, you mean?" I asked

"Children?" He did seem to me unnecessarily loud. "For God's sakes, what children?"

"Of the parents," I said, "whom you've just been describing."

President Stratton groaned and snorted. "Hutchins," he said heavily, "you'll drive me to drink."

And I answered boldly, having heard his receiver bang down, "As you do me, Sir."

LETTERS

(Continued from page 6)

and intestinal fortitude to attend meetings and elections and vote for a leader who is honest and capable of taking care of all the membership, and not just a favored few.

I sincerely and honestly believe that Organized Labor is one of the great institutions of the civilized world. Like all great institutions, it is subject to abuse by those who are more interested in the almighty dollar than they are in service to their fellow man. The Union member has it directly within his power to correct all the evil doings that Mr. Riesel claims exist. It is his baby, let him handle it.

EDWARD J. WHITE, PRESIDENT
EDWARD J. WHITE COMPANY

NEWARK, N. J.

Raphael's Madonna: art?

EDITORS OF THE SIGN:

For many years I have been a faithful subscriber, which is testimony to the excellence of your magazine. However, there is one objection which I feel I must point out, and that is, the outside covers of your Christmas issues with their representation of the unclad figure of the Christ Child. While I realize that artistic license is the prerogative of the artist, I maintain that in this case the medieval and renaissance artists, in portraying our Saviour in the same manner as their pagan deities, were guilty of unspeakable sacrilege. To add insult to injury, or rather, more profanation, the pictures appear on the outside covers exposed to the rough handling of the commercial world.

As mentioned above, this is my only exception to your peerless magazine. Incidentally, the piety and dynamic quality shown in THE SIGN's religious illustrations by modern artists contrast with the irreverence of your old masters.

MARY FERRO

NEW YORK, N. Y.

EDITORS OF THE SIGN:

I am wondering where you found that picture which is on the December cover of THE SIGN.

I think it is a terrible picture of both the Infant and our Blessed Virgin Mary.

I don't approve of the expression on the Child's face. He doesn't look sweet and holy.

Instead of looking beautiful, Mary looks ugly.

I think you could have done much better for the Christmas issue. A beautiful picture of the Nativity scene would have been more appropriate.

MRS. THOMAS FINN

DALLAS, PENNA.

For Martha Raye: praise?

EDITORS OF THE SIGN:

The "Radio & Television" article presented in the December issue of THE SIGN by John Lester regarding Martha Raye's talent came as quite a shock. I was surprised to find an article praising her abilities in a Catholic magazine. I am not condemning her singing or acting talent, but her general vulgarity and immodest and indecent dress.



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You are probably imagining that I am a cranky old lady with nothing better to do with my time. On the contrary, I am a freshman at St. Louis University and have plenty of studying to do. But, I felt it was my duty as a Catholic to give my impression as I see it. As long as articles such as yours continue to appear in noted magazines, Miss Raye will continue her present method of presenting herself to the public. I hope my letter will act as an incentive to your choosing more worthy people to applaud.

(MISS) EVELYN BRAUN

St. Louis, Mo.

For Gleason: a welcome

EDITORS OF THE SIGN:

James Alonzo's "The Funniest Man in the World" was excellent. It pleased me no end to see an article about a television star in THE SIGN. . . .

LAWRENCE E. McALLISTER

FLUSHING, N. Y.

Too much zeal?

EDITORS OF THE SIGN:

Why deal with politics in THE SIGN? Not that you haven't a perfect right to, but I hate to think that you miss a chance to get someone to read your very lucid and convincing explanations of Catholic doctrine, etc., because you lambaste his political beliefs. Do you have to convert everyone on everything?

England has had a foreign policy for centuries. The Americans have had one for ten (?) years! Maybe the child is right sometimes; he makes more headway if he doesn't oppose his parents too, too obviously.

HERVE GAUVIN

PRESTON, ONT., CANADA

A Halo For Father

EDITORS OF THE SIGN:

Almost never do I take exception to a review of one of my books. However, I feel that in the interest of Catholic literature and Catholic reviewing, I ought to call attention to the shallow, sneering, and smart-alecky remarks about *A Halo For Father* in the November issue of THE SIGN.

In Chapter 13, I wrote, obviously humorously, that sometimes my wife and I feel like collaborating on a 300-page book about the rearing of children, each page to contain only three words: "Let 'Em Alone."

The second paragraph says, "There is considerable truth hidden in this little joke." The chapter then goes on to set forth that children of course cannot be allowed to grow up "however they please," but that their rights as images of God should not be subordinated to a mother's obsession with fine furniture and knick-knacks. The chapter closes on this note: "The thing to do . . . is to create a holy and happy home . . . God is the center and solution of everything."

Your reviewer's entire comment read, "As for children, his (Breig's) best advice is to 'Leave 'em Alone.'"

Another example: My chapters on sex present the Christian ideal of sex. Concerning the love of man and woman, one passage reads, "The Christian philosophy is not afraid of that love; but neither is it

deluded about the dangers. . . . The Christian philosophy sees it as it is, with . . . all its enormous power for good or for evil; for leading people heavenward or leading them hellward. . . ."

Your reviewer's comment was: "he (Breig) has a chapter on sex which caused us to think that Breig ought to read Kinsey, and vice versa. They could both learn something."

I could give other samples, but I leave it to you. Did your reviewer read the book? And if so, is this kind of wisecrack, sophomoric treatment of an honest volume excusable?

JOSEPH A. BREIG

CLEVELAND HEIGHTS, OHIO

A Display for Little League

EDITORS OF THE SIGN:

I read the story of the wonderful work of Father Lawlor in THE SIGN magazine. In my opinion there is nothing better for our youngsters. I have had this story on display in the window of our club rooms at 425 Ocean Avenue, Jersey City, N. J., since the day I saw this article, hoping that the people who pass by would stop and read it and also would see the work that our priests are doing to help curb child delinquency and to build clean minds and bodies, as well as good American citizens.

WALTER HOLMES

ASSISTANT DIRECTOR

GREENVILLE LITTLE LEAGUE

JERSEY CITY, N. J.

Soldiers, Sailors, and Signs

EDITORS OF THE SIGN:

Your magazine has always been my favorite among all other Catholic publications, and, therefore, receiving it in this secluded part of Japan is so much more appreciated. It will enable me and my men to link ourselves with events at home, broaden our knowledge in other subjects, and boost our spirits in the trying circumstances of our life.

B. T. POZNANSKI

REGIMENTAL CHAPLAIN

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EDITORS OF THE SIGN:

May God reward your apostolic generosity in recommending gift subscriptions of THE SIGN for our merchant seamen.

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(REV.) THOMAS A. McDONOUGH, C.S.S.R.

PORT CHAPLAIN OF NEW ORLEANS

NEW ORLEANS, LA.

For auld lang syne

EDITORS OF THE SIGN:

Twenty-one members of "THE SIGN Tour-of-the West" gathered in New York City this weekend to reminisce about the grand vacation we spent together in August, 1953, touring fourteen states.

(MISS) MARGARET GRASSMANN

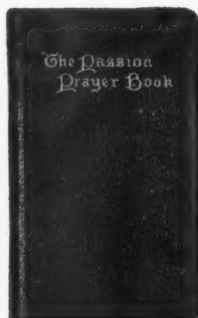
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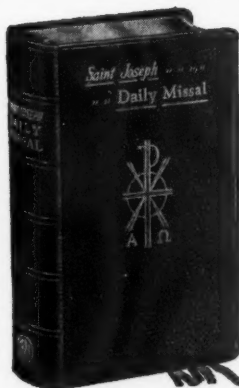
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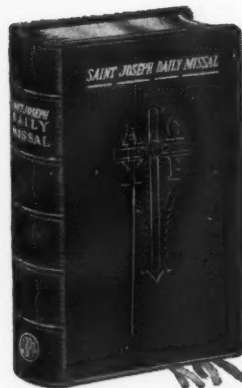
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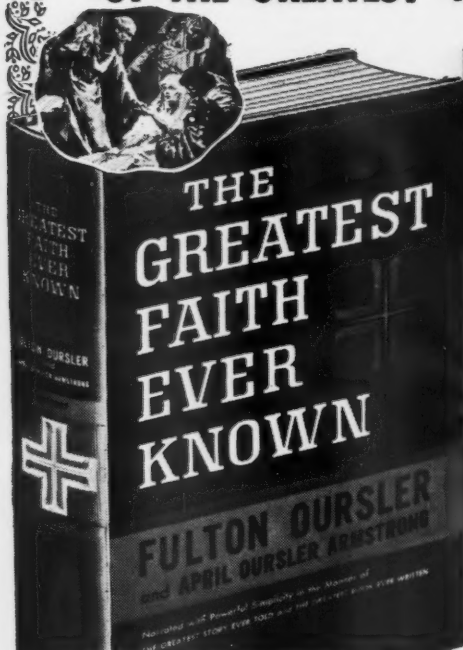
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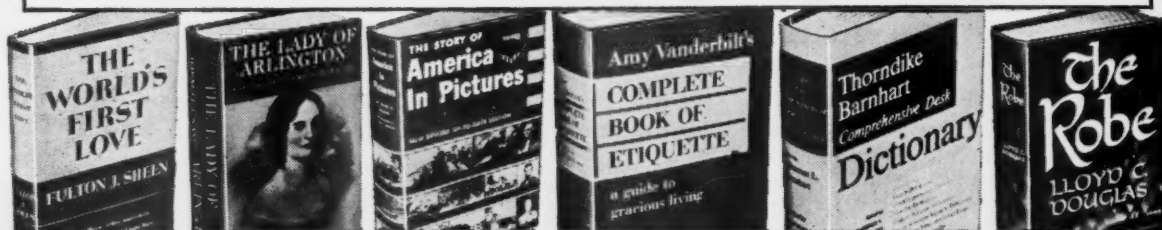
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